THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° [illegible] Franklin

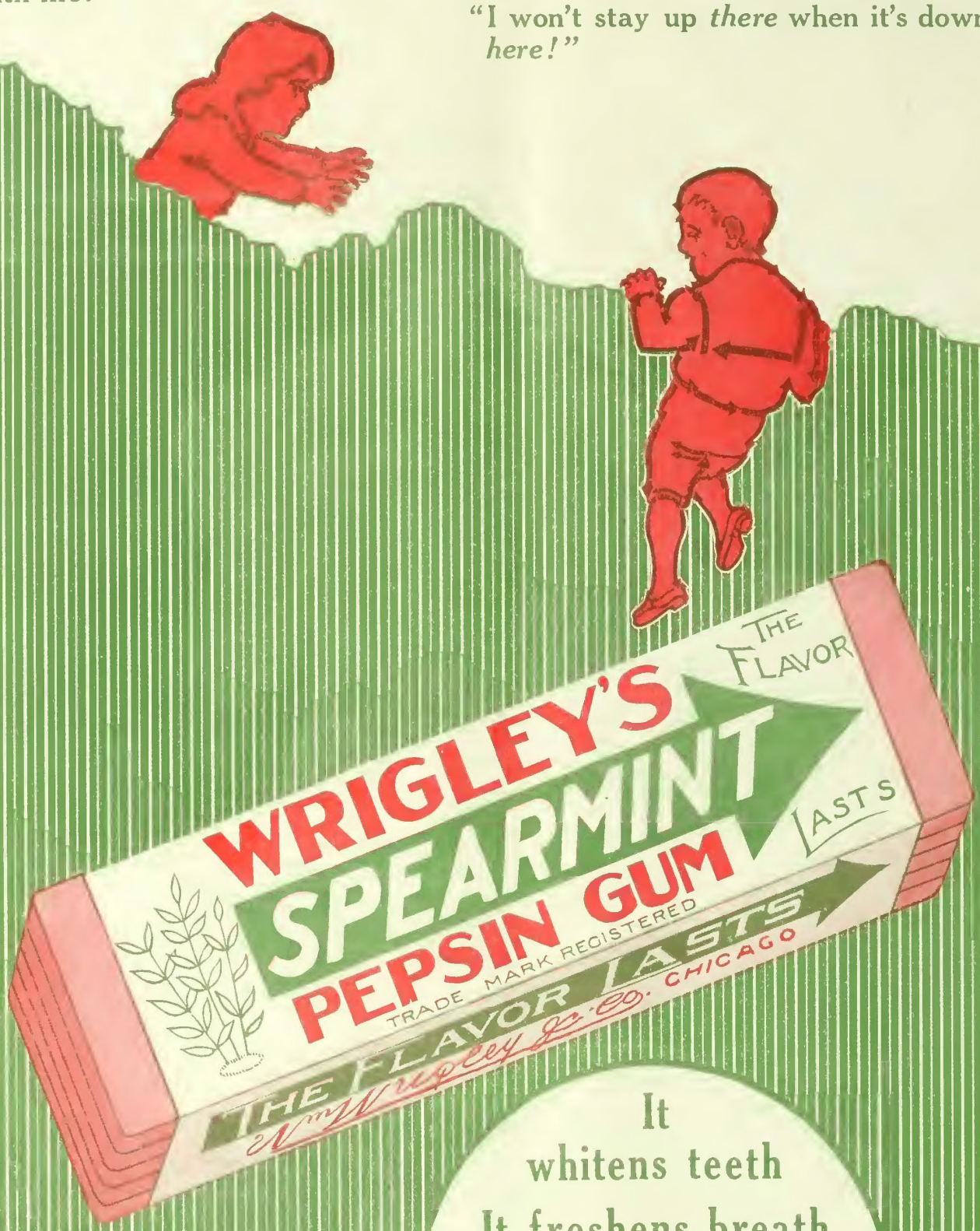
JAN. 7, 1911 5cts. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

"Oh Jimmy! The artist meant you to stay up here with me!"

"I don't care! I want some gum with the mint leaf flavor you can't chew out!"

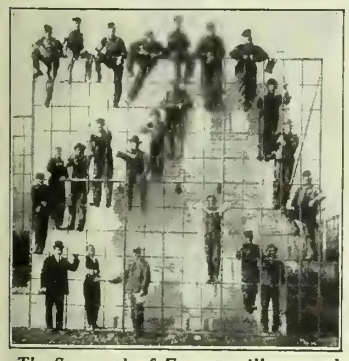
"I won't stay up *there* when it's down *here!*"



It
whitens teeth
It freshens breath
It's the most delicious
tid-bit ever sold!
Look for the spear
The flavor lasts.

Packard Motor Car Company's New Forge Shop Showing Installation of Detroit-Fenestra Solid Steel Windows
Drouvé Straight Push Sash Operator Used

THREE years ago the number of factories in this country with Solid Steel Windows could be counted on the fingers of one hand.



The Strength of Fenestra illustrated. Sash 18 feet square supporting 20 men.

Today there are millions of square feet of Detroit-Fenestra Solid Steel Window Sash installed in various industrial buildings.

The 8 to 16% increase in labor efficiency due to 25% more daylight and greater ventilation—the saving in artificial light bills—strength and permanency and fire-resisting qualities of "Fenestra" are the reasons.

Some Prominent Users in the United States

Pennsylvania Railroad, Frankford Roundhouse, Frankford, Pa. Orangeville Roundhouse, Orangeville, Pa.

New York Central & Hudson River R. R., West Albany, N. Y.

Chicago & Northwestern Ry., Power Station and Shops at Chicago, Ill.

U. S. Navy Dept., Mare Island Navy Yard, San Francisco, Cal.

Procter & Gamble Co., Ivorydale, Ohio.

American Radiator Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kansas City, Mo.

Detroit Stove Works, Detroit, Mich.

Peninsular Stove Co., Detroit, Mich.

Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.

Lozier Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Hudson Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.

Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Leonard Storage Building, Detroit, Mich.

Detroit Edison Co., Detroit, Mich.

Solvay Process Co., Detroit, Mich., and Syracuse, N. Y.

Anderson Forge & Machine Co., Detroit, Mich.

Detroit Twist Drill Co., Detroit, Mich.

Grand Rapids Pumping Station, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Buffalo Pumping Station, Buffalo, N. Y.

U. S. Steel Corporation, Gary, Ind., and Bellaire, O., Duluth, Minn., and Youngstown, Ohio.

Nelson Valve Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

American Optical Co., Southbridge, Mass.

Michigan Alkali Co., Wyandotte, Mich.

The ingenious Fenestra Joint, shown here, is the secret of the strength and efficiency of Detroit-Fenestra. It permits the use of solid, rolled steel bars without sacrificing required strength at point of intersection.

In the early stages of our development of this product, we were frequently met with the objection that steel windows were more expensive than wooden windows. This is a mistake. Steel Windows command a small premium in price over wooden windows, but they do not require constant outlay for renewals and repairs. They are *dividend payers*, *cost reducers*, and *fire retarders*. They lessen maintenance charges, and, when considered from a practical business standpoint, *are never discarded in favor of wooden sash*.

Let our engineering staff submit an estimate on the cost of installing "Fenestra" in your building and the saving it will effect. Owners, architects, engineers and builders are invited to write for our Pamphlet X. We supply standards and near standards immediately from stock.

Detroit Steel Products Company, *Manufacturers*, Dept. 11, Detroit, Mich.

"I was explaining to a neighbor, who had commented on the glossiness of my palms and ferns, that I kept them clean with Ivory Soap, when she laughed and said: 'Don't talk to me about air-ships. I believe that Ivory Soap is the real wonder of the age. You know what a time I have had with Raymond about his bath? You ought to see him now! He was yelling at the top of his voice, and I had given up in despair, when I was seized with a brilliant idea. I picked up a nice new cake of Ivory Soap and stuck a small flag in each end. In a very few moments I had enticed him into the bath, and I have never had any more trouble, except in getting him out.'" (*Extract from a Letter.*)

For the bath and for every other purpose that involves the use of a better-than-ordinary soap, Ivory Soap is unequalled. It is mild. It is gentle. It is pure. It does what soap is intended to do—*it cleans but it does not injure.*

Ivory Soap . . . . . It Floats.

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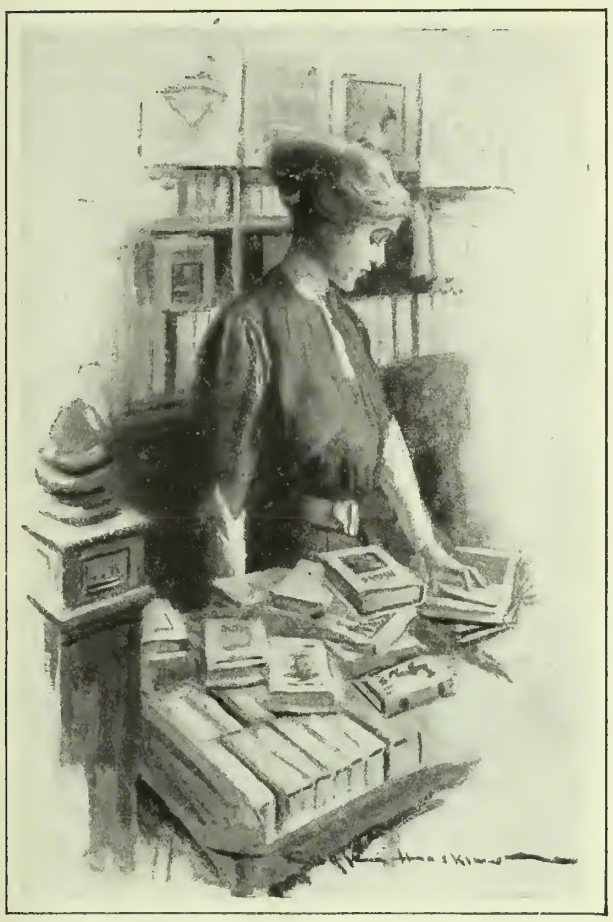
COAXING WOMEN TO BUY

Getting at the Heart of a Great Department Store

By
Corinne Lowe

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS



Among the People Who Know Nothing of Art and Much of Mart

GIVEN—some one who has spent her life among the many colored folks of culture, among the people who admire Botticelli and read Fiona MacLeod, who treat their art as they would an expensive kind of spaniel; place this woman in a vast department store among the people who know nothing of art and much of mart, amidst the real folks and the real tragedies and the real character loveliness of this small army in the ancient occupation of trading—what is the result?

Personally Gulliver himself, when he woke in the land of Lilliputians, could hardly have been more surprised than I when I entered as an advertisement writer the great department store of X. Yet, previously to that time, I had been a newspaper woman for three years. I had interviewed victorious prizefighters in their bathrobes and had parried graceful invitations to feel their muscles. Lovely magenta-haired actresses, in the privacy of gilt-furnished hotel suites, had permitted me to stroke their favorite Japanese poodles, and hoary scientific men had instructed me in the ways of quaint animals that lived before the tenancy of man. Special stories, grim with psychologic insight, had frowned over my signature; and weekly that glib typewriter of mine had undertaken the cause of the wan little children of the city streets.

Until, however, I was enrolled among its toilers my consideration of the department store had gone no deeper than its window displays, an occasional bargain counter and the intricate coiffure of its saleswomen. What makes a bargain—the personality of the buyer—the methods of the manufacturer—all these were subjects upon which I had never once speculated.

On the day of my installment in the advertising offices I was immediately instructed in the manner of finding out about merchandise. I learned that advertisements are distributed after much the same way as is the news in a newspaper office. Every morning the advertising manager makes out a list of assignments for each person, who promptly sets out thereupon to get his story. Like the city editor of the newspaper, this advertising manager plans space for the sales, openings and other special events of each day, which are featured after the same style as the big news story of the day. In the covering of merchandise news it also seems customary to assign to each writer a district. For instance, one woman took each day all the advertisements on women's suits, silks and dress goods. Another specialized on millinery, gloves, shoes and infants' wear. As a proper introduction to the methods of interviewing goods, I went along that first morning with the woman who regularly wrote the news of the women's suit department, which, I was assured, constituted one of the largest contributions to the store's revenues.

It has always seemed to me that the early morning hours of the women's suit department, with their occasional solemn footfalls on thick carpets, their hushed conversations between attentive saleswomen, their still rows of dresses, are quite untranslatable. Debussy might paint the atmosphere in a few thin, etherealized strains of flute and brass; but in no other wise, surely, could it be hinted. As I stood this morning with that thought in my mind I was conscious of a door opening, and along the entire way of the department swept a tall figure. No Debussy here—this woman walked as though to the bold, triumphal notes of the Aïda march. Dressed in a Parisian gown of wonderful oriental blue, her throat showed above it column-white as that of Semiramis. From her neck her hair was crisped and curled and rolled until it resembled a piece of Italian Renaissance carving. For the rest, her nose was frankly powdered—as a restaurant mince-pie—and a forward scent of gardenia ran out to meet us.

"That is the buyer of women's suits, Miss S——," whispered my companion. In another moment she had introduced us and I was bowing to her quite as I should have done to Miss Smith, the society girl, or to Miss Brown, the successful writer of plays. Since, I have been made aware of my impiety. Certainly the books on etiquette should be enlarged to meet the conditions of introduction to a woman buyer; should authorize a ceremonial ranging in impressiveness from a rustic curtsy to the salaam of the Orient. In return to my bow, Miss S—— inclined her head slightly and looked me up and down.

"Thirty-two by Fifteen, All in Handsome Gilt Frames"

"Miss —— has come to us to write our suit advertisements," explained my guide. "She is an old newspaper woman."

Miss S—— thereupon started an even more searching examination of my shirtwaist, common every-day blue serge suit and felt hat. It was quite evident that she questioned the wisdom of my change! And my companion, realizing this, hastened to ask: "What have you new this morning, Miss S——?"

Miss S—— stood for a moment in pained thought. Then she drawled: "I might give you a few tweed suits I have just got in this morning—regular thirty-five-dollar suits at twenty-five dollars."

My companion's eyes lighted up—the story of a bargain, I afterward discovered, never fails to shake the soul of an advertisement writer from its deepest waters of apathy. "How did you get them so cheaply?" she asked eagerly.

"The maker"—Oh, my heart! Did no grim prophetic insight warn me of this same maker's part in the woof of merchandise news!—"made up a remainder of materials and so gave them to me at this price." With that she slid back the heavy glass doors of one of the cases and drew from it a suit. To me it looked like a very blank sort of suit, but in my companion it inspired no end of interest. She turned it inside out, pinched the fabric, stroked the seams, noted the fact that it had pockets, marveled at the wonder of lapels, exclaimed over the idiosyncrasy of plaited skirt. At last, when she had finished her extensive notes, she bowed gratefully to Miss S—— and we passed on.

In order, as she explained, to give me a conception of the great range of department-store interests, I was taken next to the picture department. Having pigeonholed a buyer as a haughty being in a French frock, I was surprised to find as the head of this section a very large man in a red tie and white mustache—a rather fierce-looking old chap who might have been the generalissimo in a comic opera; and from the depths of his comfortable office chair he scowled at the inquiry as to what he wished advertised.

"Well," he grudged at last, "you might mention a new lot of Venices and sheep I just got in from the other side."

Prepared as I was by a passing glimpse of the pictures, I hardly expected such a sweeping division of art. I was even more surprised when, knitting his opera-bouffe

eyebrows and rising from his chair, he pondered: "Come to think of it, I believe I'll give you something else to advertise—some etchings I got today; unusually large for the money."

Shades of Dürer and Whistler!—"unusually large for the money!" Was the man joking? I had not quite decided when I saw him pick up a yardstick; and, after he had slowly made his way to a mound of pictures, I watched him solemnly measure the frames.

"Thirty-two by fifteen," he announced to my companion's dictation. "All in handsome gilt frames—just a little lot from an importer who was afraid he couldn't dispose of them and so gave them to us at a concession."

As I turned away from the department I looked at my guide and asked: "Are they all like that?"

She stared at me in amazement. "All like what?" she returned. Evidently, then, there were people who accepted buyers as a perfectly natural type!

In the course of a few days I came to meet the buyers of many different departments and my question was answered. Most of them—men and women—whom I met were like that. Trained in stores, as so many of them had been from the time when they entered as cash boys or girls, their senses had been sharpened to one inquiry—that on which the great Rothschild established the most gigantic banking business in the world—"How can I buy cheap and sell dear?" All their enjoyments and recreations—the theater, the park, the ocean trip—yielded profit to their profession. If they went to London and witnessed a splendid hussar company cantering through the park, their first wonder was: "Could we copy that hussar jacket for a lady's suit?" If they noted that the sky was a particularly pretty blue they said to themselves: "That would be a swell color for my zibelines. Perhaps I can get it."

In spite, however, of this common preoccupation with trade, buyers may all be classified under two heads—those who can give you an advertisement and those who cannot. The latter have little imagination, never can tell you anything more fanciful about their merchandise than that it "has a box-plaited front, strapped sides and is made of all-wool cheviot." The fact that the box plait might be an echo of a Merovingian king's tunic or a Nippur belle's draperies never inspires them; they have no interesting explanation as to why the straps were put on at the sides; and, worst of all, they can throw no interesting light on the manner in which they buy their merchandise.

The buyers who can lift an advertisement into a narrative—whose vision is not bounded by an apron-string or divided by a bifurcated garment; who have really caught the spirit of their merchandise—are unfortunately fewer in number. Among the most notable of them were the buyer and assistant buyer of the linen department. Both of them had been the traditional Irish linen clerks and had lived among linens since they were boys. They were sensitive to the slightest distinction of weave and finish; and frank was their astonishment when I told them that I could not tell a French damask from a Scotch huckaback. These two always had some picturesque observation on the place where they had bought the linens, some shrewd comments on people they had met, some enthusiastic little tale of a hotel man who had "just reordered a lot more of their one-dollar Scotch damasks after he had been using the others for five years' steady wear."

Romance in Huckaback

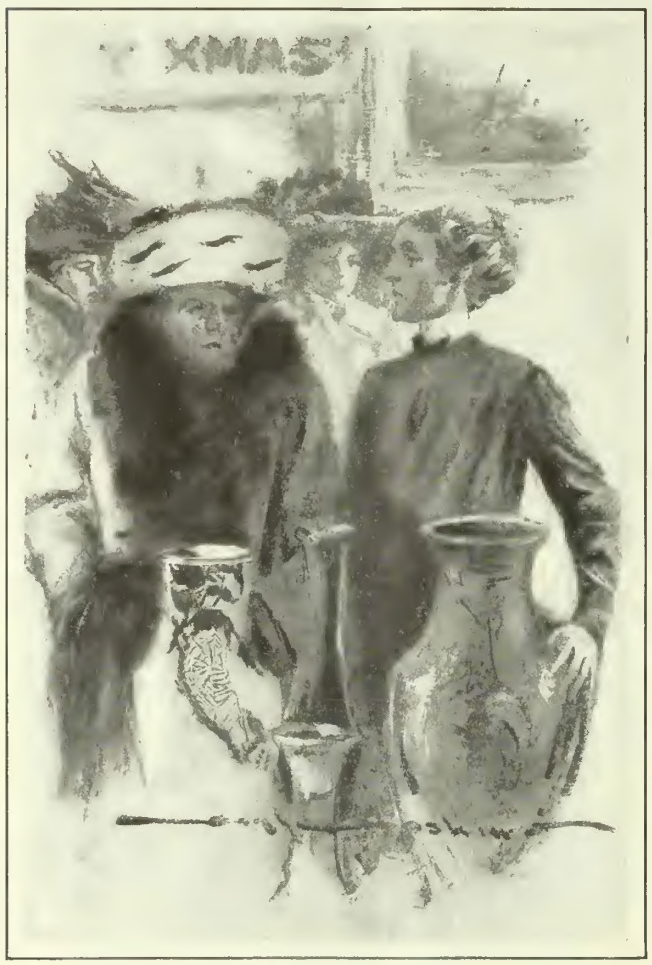
"JUST look at this, will you!" used to exclaim the buyer, unrolling a piece of Flemish damask so that it trailed on the ground before him. "Did you ever see such linen? Look at the way that long Flemish flax is woven—can't see the stitches, can you?—the thread's so fine. That is the Courtrai flax from the country where more battles have been fought than any other place—Belgium. And just see those patterns! Makes your mouth water, eh?" And he would draw in his breath ecstatically.

Then he would move over to a table full of towels and stroke one of them affectionately. "What do you know about that for a fifty-cent towel? Natural bleach linen—Irish huckaback—bleached on the Irish greens by the sun and dews of old Ireland. Great big towel—see? None of your stingy little rags." Then, his wide mouth twitching humorously, he would turn to his assistant: "Remember the time we put in our order for those towels, Jim?"

"The time when we got into the little Irish inn so late at night, and the barmaid slapped the young fellow from Michigan who came in his auto and tried to get fresh?"

"Exactly!" chuckled the other. "It was the same time that Murphy took Holkins, of Stimpson & McRae's, off and kept him drunk for three days, so he couldn't place his order with any of the other manufacturers."

Then they would go on with their adventures in all the linen-making countries in the world, until I felt that I myself had been buying those linens—which, by the way, is the secret of writing a successful advertisement.



"I Saw One Nearly Like it at Sandel's for One Hundred Dollars"

Previously to the time I had entered the store, advertisements had been mainly engaging statements that an article was fifteen dollars instead of twenty dollars; or that, "because of a special purchase, we were now able to offer these gloves at seventy-five cents." Such bald statements as bargains, reductions and special sales were not only permitted but encouraged. Now, however, a new era had dawned. Though one was not yet advised to imitate the style of Henry James, some literary feeling—even subtlety—was demanded. For instance, in the exploitation of children's knitted Tam o' Shanters it was not now considered elegant to dwell on the purely material advantages of the price, fifty cents. On the contrary, the mother's imagination was to be stimulated gently by a nice little pen-picture of her children's beauty in this same Tam o' Shanter.

With this thought in mind, I went to work on the girls' and misses' departments, which had been intrusted to my loving adjectives. I remember that the first things I had to advertise were some gingham dresses, now three dollars and seventy-five cents instead of five dollars. I started off with some nice little bits about girls at the "age of Louisa Alcott and algebra equations." I deftly introduced hair ribbons and "nintimate friends." It was very, very pretty. And at the end I meekly, chastely, unobtrusively tucked away the price.

The day after the advertisement appeared I approached the buyer of girls' clothing and asked confidently how many gingham dresses had been sold.

"Well," said he with an evident desire to spare my feelings, "we only had four inquiries."

"Why, what was the matter?" I asked, dumfounded. "I thought it was a very neat advertisement."

He looked decidedly embarrassed, shifted from one foot to the other and felt of his scarf-pin. "It was very nicely worded," said he; then stopped.

"Yes?" inquired I sternly.

"Well, the truth is that price is what counts," he confided in a burst of courage. "If you had had a line of cuts of those dresses across the page with the descriptions underneath, and then had just said, 'Gingham Dresses—three dollars and seventy-five cents instead of five dollars'—above—we would have sold those dresses."

I gazed into the deep purple of his shirt stripes. My eye roamed to his glossy nails and from those to the amethyst in his scarf-pin. "Such is the unregeneracy of the human heart," replied I sadly. "I believe you are right."

Sometimes the buyers even went to such lengths as to ask for fewer words. After some months, bewildered between the advertising uplift and this constant request for "cuts, prices and larger-type headlines," I learned to compromise. When there were big days to be made I played the price stop decidedly more loudly than at other times; in fact—the shade of Doctor Johnson is importuned to overlook the mixed figure of speech—I learned to temper the classical allusion to the shorn price.

One amusing instance of the commercial bewilderment in these new linguistic byways was that of the buyer of furs, who, on reading the proof of one of his advertisements, balked at the phrase, "Brobdingnagian muff."

"I can't O. K. that," he protested irately. "We haven't got such a fur in the whole department." And it was only after a prolonged explanation of Jonathan Swift that he could be induced to affix his signature.

Far removed, indeed, were these store dignitaries from the people of my past—the folks whose views were always shadowed by Browning or Maeterlinck, who experienced soul symptoms before a Monet and whose chief recreation was altruism!

Those first advertising days of mine were shadowed by one vague, impalpable presence—the manufacturer. He pervaded every interview with every buyer in regard to every bit of advertised merchandise. He was quoted as frequently as Mrs. Harris by Sarah Gamp. Whenever I looked interested and said, "See here, Mr. Y——, how did you get such wonderful waists at such a price?" that blessed buyer would look innocently in my face and drone: "Well, you see, the maker," and so on.

The maker, the maker, the maker—it grew funny as a comic-opera refrain. I wanted to invent a chorus that should come forward with a little rocking-step and sing impertinent verses about him; in fact, I'm not sure but that I myself did a furtive little step at mention of his name. If goods were marked lower than usual it was always this maker. He had "made up a few remainders of materials," or had "created something in dull seasons," or "in recognition of our large orders, had given us these shirtwaists at a concession." He sailed for Europe sometimes and left behind him silk dresses, which we could sell at half price. Or he became dissatisfied with a model of piano and gave us the old models at a third under their customary price—the old models, we explained carelessly in the subsequent advertisement, were really better looking! Was it any wonder that during these first few weeks I was haunted by the image of a haggard, restless being, pursued, like a Byronic hero, by mocking visions of what might have been?—now on a run after a vanishing train, now springing on board ship as the last bell sounded!

A Solvent Maker at Last

IT WAS only, indeed, after I had actually met a big manufacturer that I changed my opinion. This manufacturer's name was Solomon and he was faithful to all the dressy traditions of his family name—diamond ring, diamond pin, checked suit. I met him accidentally one morning in the office of the corset buyer who introduced him as the manufacturer of one of the best-known corsets on the market. "Poor thing," thought I; "he's in trouble again. I wonder how many corsets we are going to give away this time." As for his fine raiment, I considered that the last bitter quip of a ruined man.

"Do you write the corset ads round here?" he asked me after a short silence filled with these reflections on my part.

I admitted modestly that I did.

"They're all to the good!" he assured me; and his tone was far from world-weary. "No better-worded corset ads in the city. I say, can't you come around to my factory some time?—I'd like to show you around."

I gazed at him in surprise. Evidently, then, he was not on the brink of a sudden and disastrous trip to Europe.

"You're not going to go away—you're going to be there for some time?" I stammered.

"Well, rather," he answered breezily. "I've got to stay on the job now for some time. Biggest orders we've ever had—can't get 'em out fast enough. Oh, no! I had my pleasure trip this summer—took my whole family through Europe."

I stared at him in astoundment and after he had gone I turned to the corset buyer. "So that is a maker," I said bitterly. "I thought they were always going to the wall."

"Not much," said the corset buyer. "I only wish I had that man's millions! He started as a poor boy too."

I soon discovered that a trip to Europe is one of the chief occupations of the buyers of big departments. Twice a year do they make their pilgrimages to the fashion shrines of the world; in fact, at any time of the day or night they must display the alacrity of an Arabian Nights genie, for they never know just when they may be sent to investigate a style in Paris or London, and a mission to the Balkan Highlands or the Bosphorus is quite within the range of daily possibilities of these great fashion scouts. It is in Europe, by the way, that the buyer displays his greatest insight. Leaving the fashion capitals before styles are fully emerged from their chrysales, he must make up his mind as to what will be the season's dominating color, or shape of skirt, or kind of hat. Woe unto him, for instance, who lays in a supply of pink when blue is declared sartorial trump. For him there remains either

the gigantic task of inspiring a rebel taste for pink or the unpleasant subterfuge of a sale of the roseate things.

During the buyer's absence his place is filled by his faithful understudy or understudies—for some buyers have a number of departments under their care—the assistant buyer. These lesser luminaries at all times attend to a mass of detail work such as would tangle the course of any other human being. They walk in an orbit of small messenger girls and salespeople who want them to sign things or to locate something or to tell them whether "this customer could have the same caracal coat with a different kind of a collar." They are always calling up manufacturers to know why "those goods were not delivered before Saturday," or "why they put Gibson plaits on those shirtwaists, when they were ordered perfectly plain." Their souls are continually vexed by a wonder as to whether "No. 323 had come in," or as to the sufficiency of line 6567.

But chiefest of all the duties that harass the soul of the assistant buyer is the daily interviewing of salesmen. Although there are generally an hour and place appointed for the examination of regular lines of merchandise, many of the special lots, odds and ends, and goods with which to create a sale are offered at other times. Consequently swarms of salesmen are always waylaying the poor assistant buyer; and in busy seasons, such as Christmas, this faithful understudy is often detained till nine and ten o'clock at night by an inspection of dozens of sample lines.

One day, as I stood talking to one of these assistant buyers, a little messenger girl thrust a card into her hand. She invited me to look and together we read: "Dear Miss Brown: My uncle, Mr. Abraham Levy, has asked me to see you in regard to a very special lot of embroidered waists. Solomon Levy."

"Why don't you refuse to see some of these salesmen now and then?" I asked.

"Because the very time I did that they'd be sure to have something that I want very much. I don't dare risk losing something awfully good," was her plaintive reply.

Poor craft on the sea of commerce, I know of no other bark so vexed by shifting tide and wind, so pulled and tugged and tweaked, as these same assistant buyers. Yet no others ever flew so gallant a flag or hauled up a more courageous sail.

Learning Values and Qualities

MEANWHILE I was fascinated by the richness of my surroundings, by the perpetual speech of strange countries in this merchandise that surrounded me. Think of walking to one's office over oriental rugs—somber Bokharas and velvety Sarouks; of catching on the way some vagrant strains from a piano below. Wonder, all ye who go each day the same officeway of desk and ledger and green plushy rug, at the variety of my surroundings! Brushing one minute by filmy scarfs fit to enwrap the dusky contour of a Saracen maiden's cheek; catching the next minute a whiff of some oriental perfume; led into peasant huts by some wonderful bit of lace; transported across desert routes to the tent of turbaned Mussulman by this jewel-tinted rug; hearing the echoes of Scotch weavers' talk in the thread of some heather-touched tweed—is it any wonder that I felt myself apprenticed in Aladdin's cave, or head of a wonderful bandit crew?

Is it any wonder either that, for the first time in my life, I caught the majestic spirit of industry and commerce—heard the humming of great mills, saw the spinning and the dyeing, the weaving and the glazing? With it all, too, came a growing sense of power in these things I was learning. I, who never understood a merchandise value in my life, now became acquainted with all the fairy-tale facts of trade. I went down one day to interview a buyer about hairbrushes and was told that the finest bristles in the world are taken from the Siberian boar. Could there be any more striking variation of the story of Beauty and the Beast? I was sent up another day to write a furniture advertisement and discovered a great poet who had never written a poem—Chippendale. Through him I was led to the fascinating study of chairs—and found that all history is seated in them. Laces and linens, silks and woolens, embroideries and jewelry—I traced them to the first steps of their manufacture and on them mounted, like Solomon, the wishing carpet which travels everywhere.

The Christmas Campaign

IN THE midst of this rapt contemplation of my surroundings the great Christmas campaign opened. At least seven weeks before the holidays the advertising department commenced to apply the prod "Christmas gift" to the public attention. Everything from a whisk-broom up was suggested as an appropriate offering; and by the time Christmas really arrived I felt that my brain and soul had been ground into a fine powder under the wheels of such phrases as "frosty," "Santa's pack," the "jolly homecoming" and "father's surprise." Each day I would get out my Christmas adjectives, survey them ruefully and dust them for another occasion, so that at last I was obliged to take strong potions of Bracebridge Hall to survey the tree and plum pudding without a snarl.

Much has been said about the strain of the Christmas season upon the employees of a great store, yet it takes actual association to realize fully the horror of it all. For weeks beforehand many of the salesfolks work until late at night; and as I hurried home to my own belated dinner I used to shudder at the tired women's faces under the harsh brilliance of the night lights. Heavy lids, exhausted step, tired little messenger girls and boys running amid the treasures ever denied them—these make the shadow of Yuletide a sinister one in the department store.

During this Christmas-spirit lustrum there had been no large sales. Now and then a sample line of baby coats or a job lot of thermometers flurried the sedateness of ordinary selling methods; but the first great sale to which I was introduced was the White Sale. For weeks beforehand I could hear the creaking of the stage scenery. Advertisement writers were sandpapering old phrases to make them look like new; artists were knitting their brows in an attempt to think up something newer than the snowy peaks of underclothes with which they inevitably announced the event; buyers were calling in the goods ordered months beforehand; subordinates were marking up prices.

Of course a store event as large as this is heralded several days before it occurs. This year some one thought of a way to do so which, though it may have smacked a trifle of Elizabethan humor, was highly successful. Three days previously to the occurrence a picture appeared in the advertisement page—a tiny speck on a windswept sea, so indefinite in outline it would not have disgraced one of the best artists. Beneath this were a few words suggesting that the same space be looked for the next night. The next night the speck was peeping up over the horizon and the public was warned that it must undergo suspense one day more. On the last day of December the speck developed into a portly sail on which appeared, with unmistakable directness, the words "January White Sale." Below this were given all the details of the sale—the number of French garments it included, the number of American garments and the variety of waists. We told how our representatives had gone into the remote byways of Europe for many of the articles; we confided to the public that the faithful manufacturers had coöperated with us in making this sale the "most comprehensive and interesting in our history"; we pointed out that these goods only reached such prices during our two annual sales of white goods.

Before this advertisement was written, the writers were invited to drink the cup of inspiration from the "unders" themselves. There, as we filed into the invoice room, they lay on their long tables—a drift of dazzling white beneath the sunlight, which streamed in through the top windows. Ribbons of blue and ribbons of pink, froth of lace, crust of embroidery—they stretched out under the solemn inspection of buyers and assistant buyers, sales manager and merchandise manager. Gravely these gray-haired men peeped under the laces, picked up some adjacent bit of lingerie, held an ambiguous bit of white for more intimate inspection of yoke and seams.

"Well," said the sales manager at last, "I think this is going to be your best White Sale, Miss Smith."

The Great White Sale

MISS SMITH, the buyer of white goods who had gone all over Europe for her merchandise, bowed her head over the offerings. "Yes," said she in a sepulchral tone of voice, "I think so too, Mr. Brown."

It was like a ritual. Involuntarily all the advertisement writers bowed their heads.

Finally the silence was again broken by the sales manager. He had picked up one of the garments and was holding it up to our view. "This," said he gravely, "is the kind Mrs. Brown wears."

It was the tenderest of confidences, the most intimate of moments. Yet every one looked extremely oppressed and after one furtive glance at the dazzling garment turned shyly to the contemplation of the unsponsored mass on the table. By-and-by we filed slowly out to less ceremonial regions.

After the great White Sale was actually on I discovered what a flavor is added to an event by partisanship. From the early morning, every one—buyers of other departments, salesgirls, advertisement writers and officials of the store—went around asking: "Well, how is it going?" Unnecessary to define "it"—the subject was on everybody's mind. I noted with amazement that I myself went several times to count the throngs at the scene of the sale, that I glowed with satisfaction when crowds were satisfactory, and that I was filled with fiercest indignation at lack of public appreciation when the attendance seemed meager.

Right after Christmas the buyers commence planning for their great spring openings of millinery, gowns, dress goods and silks. A few of them, I think, start to Europe even before Christmas; and, with numb hands and chattering teeth, we advertisement writers opened up our box of spring words. "Br—br!" we shivered as we took from it "blossoming," "singing of birds," "trip to Palm Beach," and others adapted to convincing people that spring was again on the market. When at last the precocious spring gowns arrived we blew on our fingers and went to look.

(Concluded on Page 26)

"I'm Not the Book Department and I Want an Advertisement of My Merchandise"

"Biggest Orders We've Ever Had—Can't Get 'Em Out Fast Enough"

Putting the Rollers Under the S. P.

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

IT ISN'T likely any person with knowledge of the facts will dispute the statement that the Southern Pacific Railroad dominated the politics of California for many years. Indeed, that is a mild manner of putting it. The Southern Pacific Railroad not only dominated the politics for many years but owned the politics, owned part of the legislature, owned many of the officials—no matter what party was in power—and ran things to suit itself. Moreover, the Southern Pacific reached out of California and dealt in larger political commodities. It mixed in the politics in adjoining states and had a grasp on a good deal that happened at Washington.

It was a great political as well as a great commercial enterprise. It dictated nominations, carried elections, laid down policies, used money flagrantly, debauched not only individuals but whole communities. The reason is simple enough. When the Southern Pacific entered California that state, a thousand miles long and three hundred miles wide, was practically an empire by itself. It was on the farther side of the continent, separated from the East and the Middle West by tremendous mountain-chains and by hundreds of miles of unsettled plains and a great deal of arid land; and there were but few means of communication with the Atlantic Coast. California was a state apart, inconceivably rich in every natural resource, favored as to climate, eager for transportation facilities, ripe for exploitation.

So this great railroad organization exploited it. Commercially the road was a tremendous asset for California. Naturally the men who built and owned the road wanted to press their advantage to the utmost. Political considerations were as great to these men as commercial considerations, for unless the road controlled the politics it could not attain that full measure of monopoly its owners deemed necessary for a proper return on their investment and for such extension, control of terminals, absolutism over rates and such other advantages as were desired. A hostile legislature, or a hostile governor, or hostile aldermen or councilmen or mayors, might not only hold up the development of the property but might make that development more costly than was contemplated. The last was the controlling motive undoubtedly. Hence the Southern Pacific saw to it that men who would be friendly to all its enterprises, which are numerous and varied, were put in power.

This was not so much of a task in the early days as it became later, especially after other transcontinental lines began getting into California. When competition became keener political control became more necessary. In addition to owning legislatures it was essential to own judges—courts, even—and the road developed into a vast, complex holding company for the politics of the state, bipartisan, dictating impartially to Republicans and Democrats so far as party lines were concerned, but always partially for the Southern Pacific.

It is not necessary to rehearse specific instances here. The story has been told many times. The statements are authenticated in many ways. The conditions were as bad as they have been painted. Thus, having laid down the general proposition that the Southern Pacific Railroad did, for many years, absolutely control the politics of California, it is my intention to tell how the grip of that great organization on the politics of the state was broken, how it was defeated, how men opposed to it root and branch came into office, and how the voters of California, under the leadership of a few public-spirited, right-minded, intelligent men, threw off the yoke.

The Struggle for Independence Begins

THE political history of California is full of stories of fights made against the Southern Pacific—fights that, in almost every instance, led up to demoralizing defeats. The Southern Pacific gripped the political system of the state. As always has been the case, it controlled by controlling the conventions, seeing to it that men of the kidney it wanted were nominated for the offices and after nomination were elected. The system was as simple as two times two make four. The road had a political machine directed by a most astute politician, William F. Herrin. The machine reached into every county. It had men everywhere whose business it was to see to it that the right kind of delegates went to the conventions and that the delegates made the right sort of selections. That was all there was to it; and, as the road usually controlled the conventions of both parties, the election results were almost always satisfactory. Of course, men opposed to the road got in here and there, but the road always had a safe working majority whenever it wanted one.

The genesis of the fight that finally culminated in the election of Hiram W. Johnson as governor last November was in Los Angeles. That city was a Southern Pacific stronghold. Walter Parker, the first lieutenant of Herrin, was the boss of the Republican party. He was and is a capable and skillful politician; and as Los Angeles is normally a Republican city, being settled largely by people from the Middle West, Parker operated principally through that party, although the Southern Pacific had its Democratic leaders, too, for use in case of emergency. Southern Pacific interests dominated in Los Angeles just as they dominated in San Francisco, not only in legislative and state matters but in city affairs as well.

PHOTO. BY BRUGUIÈRE & EISEN, SAN FRANCISCO

Hiram W. Johnson, Governor of California
Who is Running the S. P. Out of Politics

There had been much discussion in Los Angeles of the part the road played in municipal matters and much dissatisfaction with the kind of government the city had. This culminated finally, in 1906 or at about that time, in a good-government movement that was non-partisan and that was headed by such men as Dr. John R. Haynes, Edwin T. Earl, Meyer Lissner, Harley Brundage, Edwin Dickson and others who sought to give Los Angeles a good, clean city government. There were many details in the working out of the plan that need not be rehearsed here; but finally, after much labor and much arousing of public sentiment, a Non-Partisan City Central Committee was formed; various reforms and innovations—such as the referendum, the initiative and the recall—were put through and Los Angeles was taken bodily from the grasp of the old bosses. The work consisted in skillful, scientific organization and the educating of public sentiment, and had immediate results. At the first election the new organization elected by far the larger number of city officials. Later, the recall was used—for the first time in an American city, I believe—to oust the mayor. The city was then finding itself; and at present it is controlled by the new and reform organization.

Naturally the men who had such great success in Los Angeles determined to try for the state. News of what had been done in Los Angeles had spread throughout California and in 1907 the first steps were taken. It was realized that so long as the state retained the old-time convention system the chances of eliminating the Southern Pacific were somewhat remote. The way to whip the railroad was plain enough. What was needed was a direct primary law, where the people could give an expression as to candidates, instead of conventions, where the bosses named the candidates. To this end Charles W. Hornick, manager of the San Francisco Call, and Ernest S. Simpson, managing editor of the same paper, brought from Minnesota a most capable young man named George A. Van Smith, who had made a study of direct primary laws and their methods of operation, and Van Smith began framing a direct primary law.

Then came weeks of conferences, of planning, of enlisting men; and out of it all came the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League. This organization had its real beginning at a luncheon in Oakland in 1907. This luncheon was attended by about eighty or ninety men, many of them editors from various parts of the state. There was a long discussion as to ways and means, but it was eventually determined to organize by districts, to name a state committee and to go into a campaign with the avowed intention of electing a legislature that would adopt a direct primary law and so wrest control of the state from the old machine.

Pledges were obtained from legislative candidates wherever pledges could be obtained; the newspapers enlisted in the movement kept up a vigorous campaign; and when convention-time came the Leaguers had about two-fifths of the delegates to the convention. The Southern Pacific crowd—the old machine—had three-fifths. This convention followed the Santa Cruz convention, where Abe Ruef, the San Francisco boss, made about his last political appearance before he was convicted of grafting. The old-machine men used the steam roller mercilessly. They rolled it back and forth over the Leaguers, nominated the men they had selected and gave the Leaguers nothing.

The League had its fighting spirit thoroughly aroused by this affair. Meyer Lissner, of Los Angeles, gave most of his time to the movement, and he had able lieutenants in all parts of the state. Meantime George Van Smith had completed his primary law and it was put before the legislature. Van Smith and his associates, backed by the powerful and growing sentiment aroused by the League, passed the primary law—not exactly the kind of a primary law they originally planned, because of various compromises that had to be made, but a fairly good one and sufficient, as will be shown.

The old machine fought the direct primary law, of course, but, at that, it believed the bosses could control even with a primary law in effect, thereby showing mighty poor political judgment. However, there had been so great a sentiment aroused for the law by the League, which had extended its organization rapidly into all parts of the state, that the opposition of the old machine, whether real or perfunctory, did not stop its passage. This was in 1909.

Johnson's Fight for the Governorship

WITH the powerful lever of direct primaries the Lincoln-Roosevelt League took on new strength and went into the work of organization more vigorously than ever. So far as possible the minute organization of Los Angeles was carried out. In that city the organization goes down to precincts and sections of precincts. It is a most comprehensive affair and it held to its full fighting force by constant attention to detail and by constant encouragement and work.

Time came for the League to select a candidate for governor to go before the primaries. Many names were canvassed. Finally it was decided to put up Hiram W. Johnson, a lawyer of San Francisco, who had taken up the work of prosecuting Ruef after Francis J. Heney was shot and had convicted Ruef. Johnson did not want to go into the fight. He wanted to practice law. He was forty-four years old and had a family to provide for. Johnson consented, but in consenting made his own platform. That was: "If I go into this fight I go in with the understanding that if I win the Southern Pacific Railroad will be kicked out of the politics of this state." The League leaders gave three cheers and in March, 1910, Johnson began his campaign for the nomination in the primaries, which were to be held on August sixteenth.

There were four other candidates. California, as has been previously stated, is one thousand miles long and three hundred miles wide. Hundreds of square miles of it, especially in the northern part, have no railroads. Johnson took an automobile, with his son for chauffeur, and literally zigzagged that tremendous territory, speaking six, seven, ten and sometimes twelve times a day, wherever he could get a little crowd of listeners. He did not equivocate. He put down his platform straight and square before the people. He said, over and over again: "The one note, the one issue, the one principle, upon which this campaign is being waged is expressed in a brief phrase which any child may comprehend. It is simply this: Shall the people of California take back to themselves the government that is theirs or shall it remain an asset and a chattel of the Southern Pacific Railroad and William F. Herrin?"

Johnson hammered that into the people of California day after day. He announced in every speech: "When I am

governor I am going to kick out of this government William F. Herrin, Walter Parker and the Southern Pacific Railroad Company." He said that in the mountains, in the valleys, at big banquets of business men where he spoke, before all sorts of audiences and at all sorts of times. He did not confuse the issue by the discussion of any other topics. He did not take up any other reforms he may have had in mind. He did not scatter or ask for votes on any other single proposition. That was his sole issue, the driving of the Southern Pacific road out of the politics of California; he stuck to it and pounded it in, and iterated and reiterated it.

Johnson is a stocky, thick-chested, broad-shouldered man, about five feet eight in height. He is virile and vital. He is full of force and energy. He looks like a fighter and he is one. When he speaks he has but these gestures—one with the right fist clenched, pounding out in front of him as if to hammer his talk into his hearers; another with the left fist clenched, used the same way; when he gets particularly emphatic he uses both fists for the pounding process. He is not an orator. He uses no flowers of speech and adopts none of the platform graces. He is a rugged, sturdy man, who talks in a rugged, sturdy way; and he kept at it night and day from early in March until the second week of August.

Johnson is a most attractive man. He has a good sense of humor, never lost his perspective in the campaign, and is pleasant, companionable, unaffected in manner and most agreeable in conversation. Being a fighter, he has plenty of enemies; but, being a fighter, he also has plenty of friends. That he is a man of the strongest character is shown by the fervor with which his enemies hate him and the loyalty his friends have for him.

State campaigns, of course, always develop animosities, attacks and sneering comment. Johnson had his share of them in the campaign for nomination at the primaries—more than his share, in fact; but that did not feaze him any. He kept on hammering at the Southern Pacific and he received more than one hundred thousand votes in the primary, more votes than his two nearest competitors, and was made the nominee of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League for governor.

The Steam Roller in Good Working Order

THE platform convention that followed was as securely in the control of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League as the previous convention had been in the control of the old machine, and the steam roller was operated with equal facility and efficiency. Meyer Lissner ran the convention and the only difference in the operation of the steam roller was that the League operated and the old-machine men were rolled over. The convention adopted a platform that was extremely progressive. It declared for tariff revision by schedule and commission, pledged itself and its candidates, state and legislative, to terminate the political control of the Southern Pacific, called on California Representatives in Congress to join with the progressives, upheld the direct primary law and advocated that it shall be relieved of some of its cumbersome features, demanded direct election of United States Senators by the people, and advocated a long list of state reforms—including the short ballot, county home rule, employers' liability, a public-service commission, reorganization of the state railroad commission, the submission of a constitutional amendment providing for woman suffrage, and an income tax. It opposed further Asiatic immigration, advocated a Federal steamship line between Panama and Pacific Coast points, indorsed the Panama Exposition for San Francisco, took a slam at trusts and shouted for good roads.

Johnson went before the people early in September on this comprehensive declaration of principles, but he wasted no time in advocating any of them, with the exception of the paragraph demanding that the Southern Pacific Railroad should be eliminated from the politics of California. His

PHOTO. BY HAUSSLER, SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES

Meyer Lissner, a Leader in the Fight

opponent was Bell, a Democrat who had been defeated once before for governor and who had opposed the Southern Pacific Railroad. The Southern Pacific people—not openly, perhaps, but in fact—supported Bell, on the theory undoubtedly that an administration from him would be of less harm than a Johnson administration.

Johnson made another state-long and state-wide campaign. He practically repeated his campaign for the primary nomination, making several speeches each day and traversing the entire state. The State Central Committee was reorganized and Meyer Lissner selected as chairman.

There was a good deal of mudslinging in the campaign, but Johnson kept steadily on his one theme: "Kick out the Southern Pacific." The Hearst newspapers, which had bitterly opposed Bell when he ran before, finally came out for Bell and added to the excitement of the campaign materially.

It was a rip-roaring fight. They dug up stories about illegal fees Johnson had taken and uncovered stories about things Bell was alleged to have done. They slambanged up and down the state, whanging away at one another in real old political style. Meyer Lissner was harshly criticised, especially for not allowing a resolution indorsing President Taft to go through the convention; and, on the other hand, he was enthusiastically upheld by his admirers. The last month of the fight was a hummer. There was something doing every minute.

Then the election came and Johnson won by about twenty-two thousand votes. He took the state and legislative ticket in with him. He will serve four years as governor and in those four years he has the gigantic task of uprooting the political machine of the Southern Pacific, which, although beaten in this fight, is not out of business merely on that account, but must be eliminated. It will never eliminate itself merely because an election happened to be lost.

Johnson has a very clear idea of what he has to do. He knows the magnitude of his task. This is his own idea of the strength of that corporation in the state, in his own words: "The Southern Pacific Railroad began its existence as a great commercial enterprise. Hailed with acclaim by the people, it ultimately acquired that commercial supremacy which apparently alone it sought. Once having attained its great commercial eminence, the idea seemed to be conceived by those who were managing, owning and operating that corporation of annexing the government of the state of California itself. First, they came within the ramparts of the people by cajolery and persuasion. Once having gained the entrance, they completed the conquest of our government by downright fraud and outrageous bribery.

"And, having completed the conquest of the state of California, this great railroad corporation proceeded to build up in every county in the state a machine so perfect, so skillfully constructed, that any assault on it seemed well-nigh impossible. It reached into large and into small communities alike. It began at the lowest rung of the ladder and it climbed to the highest rung of the ladder in California; until finally the capital of the state of California is no longer located in the city of Sacramento, but is now located in the railroad offices of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, situated in the city of San Francisco."

The Men Who Won The Victory

NOW, that isn't an exaggeration of what happened in California. Under the old convention system, by bringing great blocks of delegates from the large cities, where the railroad had its organization under the most perfect control, any country opposition could be overwhelmed and men nominated who would do what the railroad wanted. The machine built up under C. P. Huntington was kept intact when E. H. Harriman acquired the property. Herrin, a most skillful manipulator, remained in control and so did the men who operated with Herrin. Undoubtedly such disclosures as were made in the Ruef trial had a strong effect on the result in this campaign; but the fact is, if those men in Los Angeles had not decided to clean up that city and give it a good municipal government, and if the Lincoln-Roosevelt League had not been started, pushed through and built into a compact fighting organization the Southern Pacific would be as strong today as it was five years ago, when it dominated everything political in California.

In a movement like this, individuals are not to be singled out for credit, for it was an uprising; but, so far as I can learn, the initial steps and the first agitation that led to the formation of the League were taken at Sacramento by Edward Dickson, the legislative correspondent of the Los Angeles Express, and Chester H. Rowell, editor of the Fresno Republican—taken together, of course, with the great municipal fight made at Los Angeles by Lissner and his associates. Still, wherever or whenever it began, the achievement stands out as one of the first magnitude in American politics. They cleaned up a city. They made a state-wide organization. They passed a direct primary law that enabled that state-wide organization to become effective. They made a fight that lasted four years; and one individual—Johnson—made a personal fight that lasted from March to November under the most trying conditions—no man but a physically perfect man could have done it—and they won the campaign. A most remarkable achievement.

And, so far as the Southern Pacific road is concerned, it has been said that, under its present management, there is not that keen desire to dominate politics that existed under former régimes, and that it intends to devote itself to its legitimate business of transportation in the future. That is worth exactly what it is worth. Death-bed repentances are not of much value. Still, the Southern Pacific is owned and managed by astute persons, by very astute persons. The assumption is that they can tell a hawk from a handsaw—and Mr. Johnson will be governor for four years.

MADE IN GERMANY

By James H. Collins

DECORATIONS BY E. A. WILSON

The Orderly German Mind

HARDLY more than a generation ago the chief exports of Germany were philosophy, poetry, music and sturdy emigrants. Today, however, she ships machinery, chemicals, textiles and other manufactured products, and is enjoying an industrial activity much feared in other countries.

The mere thought of German competition scares the American manufacturer. Propped up on a tariff schedule, he has no idea how far his business may actually be from solid bottom. Germany, he has heard, is a country where people work sixteen or eighteen hours a day for two or three dollars a week. Here at home he probably finds German goods figuring in the lower strata of his trade, though in South America, perhaps, the Germans have marketed a shoddy imitation of his product. When it comes to holding his own on first-class stuff the average American manufacturer has little anxiety; but the vague thing known as "German cheapness" looms up on the horizon of the future and he is by no means certain in his mind about it.

In England the German peril has become a sort of hysteria. Since John Bull built a big warship some years ago and called it the Dreadnought he has been dreading everything, but most of all the German. John Bull keeps an older shop and in many ways a better, but has fallen into slack habits and lost a little trade on technicalities. The shiny new German shop up the street is thriving. John Bull has loudly insisted that it sells goods too cheap and takes too much care of its customers, with the outcome that to England, with her hullabaloo, Germany owes a lot of excellent international advertising.

In France some of the dainty stuff long associated with that artistic nation is now made by German concerns and sold from Paris, while in other quarters of the world the German has become conspicuous and influential in business and finance.

When the old-fashioned philosophic German was hustling for orders, a few years ago, the world rather ignored him and denied that he had business qualities. Now that he has landed his customers, however, the world goes as far in the other direction, insists that he is a bugaboo, that Providence has endowed him with mysterious faculties not given to others, that he is irresistible in competition, and that behind his industrial development he is hiding a tremendous political program.

As a matter of truth, however, the German brother has the defects of his virtues, like the rest of us; and for the American who is apprehensive about him there can be no better investment than a few weeks spent in Berlin getting acquainted with the German on his own ground. Germany is hardly a foreign country to the Yankee, for the people are not greatly different from the hundreds of Germans he knows at home. Many of them are glad to talk his own language and, if he is decently sympathetic and square, German business men will meet him openly and hospitably. Before he gets back home he may be doing a little business with them on his own account.

How Germans Tackle New Problems

GERMANY is a small country, with slender natural resources, supporting a population now approaching seventy millions in an area about four times the size of New York. Until recently it was a farming country, used periodically as a battleground, and the people worked hard to keep themselves alive. Where the American farmer raises one blade of grass the German grows two, together with four cabbages, half a bushel of onions, a tree and a pig. When this intensive Teuton began making merchandise he followed the natural bent of his genius. With us, industry usually begins by chopping down a tree; but the German, with few raw resources, had to dig into his own mind and create industries by ingenious new ways of treating other nations' materials. It takes but a short acquaintance with the German in his own country to see that his business achievements have been largely mental and that his best asset is a certain way of thinking.

A young German finished his course in pharmaceutical chemistry. All the important facts in his branch of chemistry are contained in a row of books printed in black letter. By computation he found that there were about eight million facts. Then he made a calculation to determine how many facts the human mind would hold, found that the best minds of which we have data probably held no more than one million, took a quarter million discount off his own mind because he believed it merely an average piece of thinking apparatus, and finally ascertained that he was confronted with the task of putting eight million chemical facts into a mind that would hold only one-tenth as many. This much known, he set to work to absorb all those black-letter facts by a system of grouping.

That is typically German.

At college the German student will have his whole year's work laid out in little squares on a big sheet of paper, putting a cross in each square as that part of it is finished. In business the German's time is apt to be laid out in somewhat the same way, so that if you walk in upon him today unexpectedly he may not have a vacant square available at the moment; but with the greatest courtesy he will put you into one of tomorrow's squares and take you up in your proper time and place.

It was an English chemist who found the first coal-tar dye; but the faculty of going into things in an orderly way enabled the German to develop and market the amazing range of modern coal-tar products, and it is that which has made Germany supreme in chemicals and pharmaceuticals generally.

An American corporation built a steel mill. A German *Gesellschaft* undertook to build the coke plant free of charge, make all the coke needed during ten years gratis and then hand over the plant for nothing, taking its compensation from the coal-tar by-products.

There is now being introduced into the United States a new German illuminating gas. It is made from lowgrade petroleum residue. The German splits this into two parts, making his gas of one and using the other for heat and power. All the raw material for the whole plant comes through a single pipe, and when the gas is ready the German compresses it into a liquid in a big steel bottle, attaches this bottle to the outside of your house—and has a gas company which can deliver its goods anywhere without pipes and without any franchise.

Since the day a German metallurgist brought the first piece of German silver to this country, some eighty years ago, and was charged full duty upon it as silver because Uncle Sam had never seen anything like it before, the introspective Teuton has led the world in the making of alloys by combining old metals in new ways. In the same fashion he takes some old physical law and produces a new article, like the vacuum bottle.

In one of our big railroad roundhouses a fifty-foot length of rubber hose was worn out every month in the work of blowing soot from boiler flues. A German salesman came along and substituted a piece of the new flexible metal tubing, familiar to all who have seen it on the horn of the automobile. That was two years ago, but the tube is still in service. The German found rubber rather costly and so replaced it by this new material, which is a hose made of spirally wound metal ribbon, absolutely tight to gases and liquids, thoroughly flexible and furnished in alloys that will resist chemicals.

If a ship at sea breaks her propeller shaft nowadays it would be possible under favorable conditions to weld it together by means of a new German preparation, a simple metallic powder which, when lighted with a match, generates in a few moments a heat so intense that it is only equaled by that of the electric arc and the oxygen blowpipe flame.

The German evolves such things, not by genius or chance but by plugging away at a system with a thoroughness and attention to detail that are at once his greatest strength and his greatest weakness.

In one of Poe's short stories a detective, searching a large house for a hidden document, divides each room into thousands of small squares and searches each of these squares systematically, so that not an inch of the place is overlooked. The German plan of procedure is much the same; and it makes little difference whether the task is a search conducted in the aromatic series of the hydrocarbons for a synthetic wax, or is some such problem as governing a city. Every detail will be taken up in its proper order. When the work is finished all the hydrocarbons and citizens will be tagged and numbered. In a Berlin restaurant even the oysters are served on the decimal system. This coldly scientific way of dealing with people has put German administration of cities so far ahead of the rest of the world that presently, as population rolls up the huge communities characteristic of the modern industrial order, we shall all have to go to school to the German to learn how to deal with social masses. By the same attention to detail in his army the German has become master of Europe. When the country boy is told to report for service in the army the system directs him to go to a certain place on a certain day, and to go with clean feet, so he can be measured for the new boots the Kaiser is to give him. When he returns to the farm he knows where to report in case of war. The German placidly assures you that if war breaks out in Europe it will be over in five or six weeks, because wars are won by killing the greatest number of people in the shortest time and Germany has the plant—in other words, war is essentially a manufacturing process.

The Effects of a Camel

THIS thoroughness of the German, as it has been grasped by other nations, has given the rest of the world a feeling of helplessness. Every time the Yankee manufacturer thinks about it he writes to his Congressman urging an increase in the tariff, while in England the German has been transmogrified into a sort of superman of efficiency destined to inherit the earth.

Fortunately for the rest of us, the German remains a human being, with all his system, and the limitations and restrictions imposed upon him by his orderly mind are as definite as the advantages it gives him in business and politics.

An excellent story is often told by the Germans upon themselves.

Three men went to see a camel—a Frenchman, an Englishman and a German. The Frenchman wrote a witty account of the animal for a morning journal and dismissed the subject from his mind. The Englishman collected his hunting traps and departed for the desert to shoot camels. The German went to the public library, got all the works upon camels previously published, and began compiling an exhaustive treatise on *Das Kameel*.

"And the book," laugh the Germans, "is not finished yet."

The same thoroughness that enables a German manufacturer to set a corps of chemists hunting new dyes will often lead the German business man to charge a customer for the postage stamp put

upon the letter he writes him. It makes the schools of Germany so effective that every boy and girl enters life trained to earn a living. At the same time, now that games are thought necessary to the health of the serious German school-children, they must be systematically taught to play, it is said, just as they are taught Latin.

The German business man, after his twelve-hour day at the office, will study Russian to rest his mind and send him to sleep. His attention to small details is often amusing to a selfmade, rule-of-thumb Yankee. It is an ingrained national habit, ten times more binding than our famous New England conscience.

In one of the provincial cities a German manufacturer, after some business with an American buyer, asked the latter to dine that night at his home.

"Tell me where you are stopping and I will pick you up," he said.

When the hotel was named, however, the German's face hardened.

"I never enter that place!" he declared resolutely. "If you will pardon me I shall ask you to meet me outside. Perhaps you think this strange. Therefore I will explain."

It came out that, several years before, this German had had charge of the financial arrangements of a big association banquet given at that hotel. The bill ran into some thousands of marks. When it came to settlement there was a difference of two small cups of coffee in the reckoning, the landlord insisting that the *Verein* had had two more than the manufacturer's count showed, worth about ten cents. The manufacturer finally paid it out of his own pocket and never entered the hotel again.

An American corporation was conducting some negotiations in Berlin through a German attorney, its only representative on the spot. The transaction ran to several hundred thousand dollars and nearly fell through because the German attorney stopped cabling and used the mails in the middle of the negotiations, causing delay. When taken to task about this action later he said that it was simply impossible for him to continue using a daily cable message, because it cost so much. He did not pay any of the tolls, but the extravagance of the thing got on his nerves just the same.

With all his knack for detail, the German is not inclined by nature to do things in either an expansive or an expensive style.

Ask a Yankee how he finds business and he will say it is bad—he has sold only ten per cent more than last year. Times are good only when he can sell at least twenty-five per cent more each year, and his projects are all laid out on that basis; but the German is commonly satisfied with *das Geschäft* if he sells the same amount from year to year and, to reach this happy state of equilibrium, is willing to spend ten years getting a special education and work for five years more on practically no profit.

The Yankee will do business on a word passed across the lunch table, but not the German. The latter's orderly mind must go over the smallest details with great thoroughness. He will patiently iron all the small wrinkles out of the proposition and, when it is perfectly plain, wants it reduced to writing. This conscientious care for minor points often leads to his missing the broad scope of the thing; but it has its advantages, too, for Germany is a land of long credits and general business stability, and its corporations pay dividends ranging from five to twenty-five and even fifty per cent, on a sound capitalization; and there is practically no speculation on its stock markets.

The Yankee who looks into the orderly German mind soon learns that there is a vast difference between North and South Germany.

It was the South that bred the poets, philosophers, musicians and artists of the Fatherland, while the Prussians in the North were fighting the wars. The South German is easy-going and sociable. You go to his place of business at three in the afternoon, the Prussian explains, and are told that he is in a café. When he is found sipping coffee he invites you to have a cup with him. At four he suggests that you eat a snack, at six takes you to a beer restaurant, at eight suggests that it is time to go to the theater and, after the show, entertains you at a little supper. Finally, about two or three in the morning, he cordially bids you good night and hopes you will find time tomorrow to come around and look at his store.

In a Berlin café the Prussians hunt for a vacant table and sit reservedly by themselves, whereas in Munich everybody crowds around one table, friend and stranger alike; and all talk at once. The Prussian is precise, carries his chin high, and has lately taken to wearing a monocle with a seriousness fully up to the best British traditions. The South German, however, likes Tyrolean hats, with plumes and aigrettes on them.

These differences in temperament are important in doing business with Germans and they mean much in the future development of the country, for the Prussian is the Scotchman of Germany. Where the South German makes wine, silks and toys, he makes iron and steel. It was the Prussian who brought the scattered states together under his own monarch, standardized the weights, money, postage stamps and politics, and imposed his orderly mind upon the easy-going South German. He is the driving force of the modern Fatherland, without which the South German might never have got anywhere industrially. The South German knows this and respects Prussian genius. At the same time he publishes all the famous comic journals of Germany and reserves to himself the privilege of ceaselessly satirizing and caricaturing Prussian military types and bureaucracy. The Yankee in the Fatherland will soon find that the Prussian is the kind of German he will admire. The South German is the one he will love.

The Innocence of Father Brown

The Sign of the Broken Sword—By G. K. Chesterton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

THE thousand arms of the forest were gray and its million fingers silver. In a sky of dark green-blue, like slate, the stars were bleak and brilliant like splintered ice. All that thickly-wooded and sparsely-tenanted countryside was stiff with a bitter and brittle frost. The black hollows between the trunks of the trees looked like bottomless black caverns of that heartless Scandinavian hell—a hell of incalculable cold. Even the square stone tower of the church looked northern to the point of heathenry, as if it were some barbaric tower among the sea rocks of Iceland. It was a queer night for any one to explore a churchyard. But, on the other hand, it was a queer churchyard and, perhaps, worth exploring.

It rose abruptly out of the ashen wastes of forest in a sort of hump, or shoulder, of green turf that looked gray in the starlight. Most of the graves were on a slant, and the path leading up to the church was as steep as a staircase. On the top of the hill, in the one flat and prominent place, was the monument for which the place was famous. It contrasted strangely with the featureless graves all around; for it was the work of one of the greatest sculptors of modern Europe. And yet his fame was at once forgotten in the fame of the man whose image he had made. It showed, by touches of the small silver pencil of starlight, the massive metal figure of a soldier recumbent, the strong hands seated in an everlasting worship, the great head pillowed upon a gun. The venerable face was bearded, or rather whiskered, in the old, heavy Colonel Newcome fashion. The uniform, though suggested with the few strokes of simplicity, was that of modern war. By his right side lay a sword, of which the tip was broken off; on the left side lay a Bible. On glowing summer afternoons came wagonets full of Americans and cultured suburbans to see the sepulcher; but even then they felt the vast forest land with its one dumpy dome of churchyard and church as a place oddly dumb and neglected. In this freezing darkness of midwinter one would think he might be left alone with the stars. Nevertheless, in the stillness of those stiff woods an iron latch rasped and a wooden gate creaked, and two dim figures, dressed in black, climbed up the little path to the tomb.

The Black Letters Which So Many Americans Had Reverently Read

So faint was that frigid starlight that nothing could have been traced about them except that, though they both wore black, one man was enormously big, and the other—perhaps by contrast—almost startlingly small. They went up to the great graven tomb of the historic warrior and stood for a few minutes, staring at it. There was no human, perhaps no living, thing for a wide circle; and a morbid fancy might well have wondered if they were human themselves. In any case, the beginning of their conversation might have seemed strange. After the first silence the small man said to the other:

"Where does a wise man hide a pebble?"

And the tall man answered in a low voice: "On the beach."

The small man nodded and after a short silence said: "Where does a wise man hide a leaf?"

And the other answered: "In the forest."

There was another stillness, and then the tall man resumed: "Do you mean that when a wise man has to hide a real diamond he has been known to hide it among sham ones?"

"No, no," said the little man with a laugh. "We will let bygones be bygones."

He stamped with the cold for a second or two, and then said: "I'm not thinking of that at all, but of something else—something rather peculiar. Just strike a match, will you?"

The big man fumbled in his pocket and soon a scratch and a flare painted gold the whole flat side of the monument. On it were cut, in black letters, the well-known words which so many Americans had reverently read:

Sacred to the Memory of General Sir Arthur St. Clare, Hero and Martyr, Who Always Vanquished His Enemies and Always Spared Them, and Was Treacherously Slain by Them at Last. May God in Whom He Trusted Both Reward and Revenge Him.

The match burnt the big man's fingers, blackened and dropped. He was about to strike another, but his small companion stopped him. "That's all right, Flambeau, old man; I saw what I wanted. Or, rather, I didn't see what I didn't want. And now we must walk a mile and a half to the next inn, and I will try to tell you all about it. For, Heaven knows, a man should have fire and ale when he dares tell such a story."

They descended the precipitous path. They relatched the rusty gate and set off at a stamping, ringing walk down the frozen forest road. They had gone a full quarter of a mile before the smaller man spoke again. He said: "Yes; the wise man hides a pebble on the beach. But what does he do if there is no beach? Do you know anything of that great St. Clare trouble?"

"I know nothing about English generals, Father Brown," answered the large man, laughing, "though a little about English policemen. I only know that you have dragged me a precious long dance to all the shrines of this fellow, whoever he is. One would think he got buried in six different places. I've seen a memorial to General St. Clare in Westminster Abbey. I've seen a ramping equestrian statue of General St. Clare on the Embankment. I've seen a medallion of General St. Clare in the street he was born in and another in the street he lived in. And now you drag me after dark to his coffin in the village churchyard. I am beginning to be a bit tired of his magnificent personality, especially as I don't in the least know who he was. What are you hunting for in all these crypts and effigies?"

"I am only looking for one word," said Father Brown. "A word that isn't there."

"Well," asked Flambeau, "are you going to tell me anything about it?"

"I must divide it into two parts," remarked the priest. "First, there is what everybody knows; and, then, there is what I know. Now, what everybody knows is short and plain enough. It is also entirely wrong."

"Right you are," said the big man called Flambeau cheerfully. "Let's begin at the wrong end. Let's begin with what everybody knows, which isn't true."

"If not wholly untrue, it is, at least, very inadequate," continued Father Brown, "for, in point of fact, all that the public knows amounts precisely to this: The public knows that Arthur St. Clare was a great and successful English general. It knows that, after splendid, yet careful, campaigns, both in India and Africa, he was in command against Brazil when the great Brazilian patriot, Olivier, issued his ultimatum. It knows that, on that occasion, St. Clare, with a very small force, attacked Olivier with a very large one, and was captured after heroic resistance. And it knows that, after his capture and the abhorrence of the civilized world, St. Clare was hanged on the nearest tree. He was found swinging there, after the Brazilians had retired, with his broken sword hung derisively around his neck."

"And that popular story is untrue?" suggested Flambeau.

"No," said his friend quietly; "that story is quite true—so far as it goes."

"Well, I think it goes far enough," said Flambeau. "But if the popular story is true, what is the mystery?"

They had passed many hundreds of gray and ghostly trees before the little priest answered. Then he bit his finger reflectively and said: "Why, the mystery is a mystery of psychology. Or, rather, it is a mystery of two psychologies. In that Brazilian business two of the most famous men of modern history acted flat against their characters. Mind you, Olivier and St. Clare were both heroes—and no mistake. It was like the fight between Hector and Achilles. Now, what would you say to an affair in which Achilles was timid and Hector was treacherous?"

"Go on," said the large man impatiently, as the other bit his finger again.

"Sir Arthur St. Clare was a soldier of the old religious type—the type that saved us during the Mutiny," continued Brown. "He was always more for duty than for

"By the Singing River and the Sunlit Palms"

dash and, with all his personal courage, was decidedly a prudent commander, particularly indignant at any needless waste of soldiers. Yet, in this last battle, he attempted something that a baby could see was absurd. One need not be a soldier to see it was as wild as wind, just as one need not be a soldier to keep out of the way of a motor bus. Well, that is the first mystery: What had become of the English general's head? The second riddle is, What had become of the Brazilian general's heart? President Olivier might be called a visionary or a nuisance, but even his enemies admitted that he was magnanimous to the point of knight errantry. Almost every other prisoner he had ever captured had been set free, or even loaded with benefits. Men who had really wronged him came away touched by his simplicity and sweetness. Why the deuce should he diabolically revenge himself only once in his life, and that for the one particular blow that could not have hurt him? Well, there you have it. One of the wisest men in the world acted like an idiot for no reason. One of the best men in the world acted like a devil for no reason. That's the long and the short of it, and I leave it to you, my boy."

"No, you don't," said the other with a snort. "I leave it to you, and you can jolly well tell me all about it."

"Well," resumed Father Brown, "it's not fair to say that the public impression is just what I've said, without adding that two things have happened since. I can't say they threw a new light, for nobody can make sense of them. But they threw a new kind of darkness—they threw the darkness in new directions. The first was this. The family physician of the St. Clares quarreled with that family and began publishing a violent series of articles, in which he said that the late general was a religious maniac, but, as far as the tale went, this seemed to mean little more than a religious man. Anyhow, the story fizzled out. Every one knew, of course, that St. Clare had some of the eccentricities of Puritan piety. The second incident was much more arresting. In the luckless and unsupported regiment which made that rash attempt at the Black River there was a certain Captain Keith, who was at that time engaged to St. Clare's daughter, and who afterward married her. He was one of those who were captured by Olivier and, like all the rest except the general, appears to have been bounteously treated and promptly set free. Some twenty years afterward this man, then Lieutenant-Colonel Keith, published a sort of autobiography called A British Officer in Burmah and Brazil. In the place where the reader looks eagerly for some account of the mystery of St. Clare's disaster may be found the following singular words: 'Everywhere else in this book I have narrated things exactly as they occurred, holding as I do the old-fashioned opinion that the glory of England is old enough to take care of itself. The exception I shall make is in this matter of the defeat by the Black River, and my reasons, though private, are honorable and compelling. I will, however, add this in justice to the memories of two distinguished men. General St. Clare has been accused of incapacity on this occasion. I can at least testify that this action, properly understood, was one of the most brilliant and sagacious of his life. President Olivier, by similar report, is charged with savage injustice. I think it due to the honor of an enemy to say that he acted on this occasion with even more than his characteristic good-feeling. To put the matter popularly, I can assure my countrymen that St. Clare was by no means such a fool nor Olivier such a brute as he looked. This is all I have to say, nor shall any earthly consideration induce me to add a word to it.'"

"'There Goes the Old Donkey With the End of His Sword Knocked Off. I Wish it Was His Head'"

A large, frozen moon, like a lustrous snowball, began to show through the tangle of twigs in front of them and by its light the narrator had been able to refresh his memory of Captain Keith's text from a scrap of printed paper. As he folded it up and put it back in his pocket Flambeau threw up his hand with a French gesture.

"Wait a bit, wait a bit!" he cried excitedly. "I believe I can guess it at the first go."

He strode on, breathing hard, his black head and bull neck forward, like a man winning a walking race. The little priest, amused and interested, had some trouble in trotting beside him. Just before them the trees fell back a little to left and right and the road swept downward across a clear, moonlit valley, till it dived again like a rabbit into the wall of another wood. The entrance to the farther forest looked small and round like the black hole of a remote railway tunnel. But it was within some hundred yards and gaped like a cavern before Flambeau spoke again.

"I've got it!" he cried at last, slapping his thigh with his great hand. "Four minutes' thinking, and I can tell your whole story myself."

"All right," assented Father Brown. "You tell it."

Flambeau lifted his head but lowered his voice. "General Sir Arthur St. Clare," he said, "came of a family in which madness was hereditary, and his whole aim was to keep this from his daughter, and even, if possible, from his future son-in-law. Rightly or wrongly, he thought the final collapse was close, and resolved on suicide. Yet, ordinary suicide would blazon the very idea he dreaded. As the campaign approached the clouds came thicker on his brain, and at last, in a mad moment, he sacrificed his public duty to his private. He rushed rashly into battle, hoping to fall by the first shot. When he found that he had only attained capture and discredit, the bomb in his brain burst, and he broke his own sword and hanged himself."

He stared firmly at the gray façade of forest in front of him, with the one black gap in it, like the mouth of the grave, into which their path plunged. Perhaps something menacing in the road, thus suddenly swallowed, reënforced his vivid vision of the tragedy, for he shuddered.

"A horrid story," he said.

"A horrid story," repeated the priest with bent head. "But not the real story."

Then he turned back his head with a sort of despair, and cried: "Oh, I wish it had been!"

The tall Flambeau faced round and stared at him.

"Yours is a clean story," cried Father Brown, deeply moved. "A sweet, pure, honest story, as open and white as that moon. Madness and despair are innocent enough. There are worse things, Flambeau."

Flambeau looked up wildly at the moon thus invoked, and from where he stood one black tree bough curved across it exactly like a devil's horn.

"Father—Father!" cried Flambeau with the French gesture and stepping yet more rapidly forward. "Do you mean it was worse than that?"

"Worse than that," said the priest like an echo. And they plunged into the black cloister of the woodland,

which ran by them in a dim tapestry of trunks, like one of the dark corridors in a dream.

They were soon in the most secret entrails of the wood and felt, close about them, foliage that they could not see, when the priest said again:

"Where does a wise man hide a leaf? In the forest. But what does he do if there is no forest?"

"Well, well," cried Flambeau irritably, "what does he do?"

"He grows a forest to hide it in," said the priest in an obscure voice. "A fearful sin."

"Look here," cried his friend impatiently, for the dark wood and the dark sayings got a little on his nerves, "will you tell me this story or not? What other evidence is there to go on?"

"There are three more bits of evidence," said the other, "that I have dug up in holes and corners, and I will give them in logical, rather than chronological, order. First of all, of course, our authority for the issue and event of the battle is in Olivier's own dispatches, which are lucid enough. He was entrenched with two or three regiments on the heights that swept down to the Black River; on the other side was lower and more marshy ground. Beyond this again was gently rising country on which was the first English outpost, supported by others which lay, however, considerably in its rear. The British forces, as a whole, were greatly superior in numbers, but this particular regiment was just far enough from its base to make Olivier consider the project of crossing the river to cut it off. By sunset, however, he had decided to retain his own position, which was a specially strong one. At daybreak next morning he was thunderstruck to see that this stray handful of English, entirely unsupported from their rear, had flung themselves across the river, half by a bridge to the right and the other half by a ford some way upstream, and were massed upon the marshy bank below him. That they should attempt an attack with such numbers against such a position was incredible enough, but Olivier noticed something yet more extraordinary. For, instead of attempting to seize more solid ground, this mad regiment, having put the river in its rear by one wild charge, did nothing more. It stuck there in the mire like flies in treacle. Needless to say the Brazilians blew great gaps in them with artillery, which they could only return with spirited, but lessening, rifle fire. Yet they never broke, and Olivier's curt account ends with a strong tribute of admiration for the mystic valor of these imbeciles. 'Our line then advanced, finally,' writes Olivier, 'and drove them into the river. We captured General St. Clare himself and several other officers. The colonel and the major had both fallen in the battle. I cannot resist saying that few finer sights can have been seen in history than the last stand of this extraordinary regiment: wounded officers picking up the rifles of dead soldiers, and the general himself facing us on horseback, bareheaded and with a broken sword.' On what happened to the general afterward Olivier is as silent as Captain Keith."

"Well," grunted his companion, "get on to the next bit of evidence."

"The next evidence," said Father Brown, "took some time to find, but it will not take long to tell. I found at last, in an almshouse down in the Lincolnshire Fens, an old soldier who not only was wounded at the Black River, but had actually knelt beside the colonel of the regiment when he died. This latter was a certain Colonel Clancy, a big bull of an Irishman, and it would seem that he died almost as much of rage as of bullets. He, at any rate, was not responsible for that ridiculous raid—it must have been imposed on him by the general. His last edifying words, according to my informant, were these: 'And there goes the old donkey with the end of his sword knocked off. I wish it was his head.' You will remark that every one seems to have noticed this detail about the broken sword blade, though most people regard it somewhat more reverently than did the late Colonel Clancy. And now for the third fragment."

Their path through the woodland began to go upward, and the speaker paused a little for breath before he went on. Then he continued in the same businesslike tone:

"Only a month or two ago a certain Brazilian official died in England, having quarreled with Olivier and left his country. He was a well-known figure, both here and on the continent, a Spaniard named Espado. I knew him myself, a yellow-faced old dandy with a hooked nose. For various private reasons I had permission to see the documents he had left. He was a Catholic, of course, and I had been with him toward the end. There was nothing of his that lit up any corner of the black St. Clare business except five or six common exercise books filled with the diary of some English soldier. I can only suppose that it was found by the Brazilians on one of those that fell. Anyhow, it stopped abruptly the night before the battle.

"But the account of that last day in the poor fellow's life was certainly worth reading. I have it on me, but it's too dark to read it here and I will give you a résumé. The first part of that entry is full of jokes, evidently flung about among the men, about somebody called the Vulture. It does not seem as if this person, whoever he was, was one of themselves, nor even an Englishman. Neither is he exactly spoken of as one of the enemy. It sounds rather as if he were some local go-between and non-combatant—perhaps a guide or a journalist. He has been closeted with old Colonel Clancy, but is more often seen talking to the major. Indeed, the major is somewhat prominent in this soldier's narrative: a lean, dark-haired man, apparently, of the name of Murray. A North of Ireland man and a Puritan. There are continual jests about the contrast between this Ulsterman's austerity and the conviviality of Colonel Clancy. There is also some joke about the Vulture wearing bright-colored clothes.

"But all these levities are scattered by what may well be called the note of a trumpet. Behind the English camp and almost parallel to the river ran one of the few great roads of that district. Westward the road curved round toward the river, which it crossed by the bridge before mentioned. To the east the road swept backward into the wilds, and some two miles along it was the next English outpost. From this direction there came along the road, that evening, a glitter and clatter of light cavalry in which even the simple diarist could recognize with astonishment the general with his staff. He rode the great white horse which you have seen so often in illustrated papers and academy pictures, and you may be sure that the salute they gave him was not merely ceremonial. He, at least, wasted no time on ceremony but, springing from the saddle, immediately mixed with the group of officers and fell into emphatic though confidential speech. What struck our friend, the diarist, most was his special disposition to discuss matters with Major Murray; but, indeed, such a selection, so long as it was not marked, was in no way unnatural. The two men were made for sympathy. They were men who read their Bibles; they were both the old Evangelical type of officer. However this may be, it is certain that when the general mounted again he was still talking earnestly to Murray, and that, as he walked his horse slowly down the road toward the river, the tall Ulsterman still walked by his bridle-rein, in earnest debate. The soldiers watched the two until they vanished behind a clump of trees where the road turned toward the river. The colonel had gone back to his tent and the men to their pickets. The man with the diary lingered for four minutes and saw a marvelous sight.

"The great white horse which had marched slowly down the road, as it had marched in so many processions, flew back, galloping up the road toward them as if it were mad to win a race. At first they thought it had run away with the man on its back, but they soon saw that the general, a fine rider, was himself urging it to full speed. Horse and man swept up to them like a whirlwind, and then, reining up the reeling charger, the general turned on them a face like a flame and called for the colonel like the trumpet that wakes the dead.

"I conceive that all the earthquake events of that catastrophe tumbled on top of each other rather like lumber in the minds of men like our friend with the diary. With the dazed excitement of a dream they found themselves falling—literally falling—into their ranks and learned that an attack was to be led at once across the river. The general and the major, it was said, had found out something at the bridge and there was only just time to strike for life. The major had gone back at once to call up the reserve along the road behind. It was doubtful if, even with that prompt appeal, help could reach them in time. But they must pass the stream that night and seize the heights by morning. It is with the very stir and throb of that romantic nocturnal march that the diary suddenly ends."

Father Brown had mounted ahead, for the woodland path grew smaller, steeper and more twisted, till they felt as if they were ascending a winding staircase. The priest's voice came from above out of the darkness.

"There was one other little and enormous thing. When the general urged them to their chivalric charge he half drew his sword from the scabbard, and then, as if ashamed of such melodrama, thrust it back. The sword again."

A half light broke through the network of boughs above them, flinging the ghost of a net about their feet, for they were mounting again to the faint luminosity of the naked night. Flambeau felt truth all around him, as an atmosphere, but not as an idea. He answered with bewildered brain: "Well, what's the matter with the sword? Officers generally have swords, don't they?"

"They are not often mentioned in modern war," said the other dispassionately; "but in this affair one falls over the blessed sword everywhere."

"Well, what is there in that?" growled Flambeau. "It was a twopence colored sort of incident, the old man's blade breaking in his last battle. Any one might bet the papers would get hold of it—as they have. On all these tombs and things it's shown broken at the point. I hope you haven't dragged me through this blasted Polar expedition merely because two men, with an eye for a picture, saw St. Clare's broken sword."

"No," cried Father Brown with a sharp voice like a pistol shot; "but who saw his unbroken sword?"

"What do you mean?" cried the other, and stood still under the stars. They had come abruptly out of the gray gates of the wood.

"I say, who saw his unbroken sword?" repeated Father Brown obstinately. "Not the writer of the diary, anyhow—the general sheathed it in time."

Flambeau looked about him in the moonlight as a man struck blind might look in the sun, and his friend, for the first time, went on with eagerness:

"Flambeau," he cried, "I cannot prove it, even after hunting through the tombs. But I am sure of it. Let me add just one more tiny fact that tops the whole thing over. The colonel, by a strange chance, was one of the first struck by a bullet. He was struck long before the troops came to close quarters. But he saw St. Clare's sword broken. Why was it broken? How was it broken? My friend, it was broken before the battle."

"Oh!" said his friend with a sort of forlorn jocularity. "And pray where is the other piece?"

"I can tell you," said the priest promptly. "In the cemetery of the Protestant Cathedral at Belfast."

"Indeed?" inquired Flambeau. "Did you look for it?"

"I couldn't," said the priest with regret. "There's a great marble monument on top of it; a monument to the

(Continued on Page 32)

"He is Saying Farewell to the Great Enemy"

THE HIGH HAND

By Jacques Futrelle

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

"Those Photographs Have a Price, You Know?"

VI

WHILE the telegraph wires were singing with messages in code from the octopus to Lewis, and from Lewis to the octopus, there came two words from Franques to Lewis. They were:

"Come home!"

Lewis scented real danger; he came. The newspaper men met him at the railroad station with the amiable intention of pinning him against a wall and extracting from him an answer to that one vital question: "What about those letters?" Lewis smiled pleasantly and told them that his motoring trip had been a great success. "But the letters?" His car ran well—very well, indeed. "The letters?" He was pleased to say he had found the roads in magnificent condition. "Letters?" The weather was ideal. He smiled and climbed into a cab.

There was a perplexed wrinkle on Lewis' brow as he entered his apartments at the Hotel Stanton. Franques was waiting for him there. For the first time in his life Lewis was vaguely suspicious of this swarthy henchman of his. For ten years Franques had served him and he had come to rely upon him implicitly; for ten years Franques had been practically in charge of his affairs—even his private papers. He alone knew the combination of the safe where those papers were kept; he ——

"Good evening, Mr. Lewis," Franques greeted.

"Where did Jim Warren get those letters?" Lewis queried. His eyes were steely, but there was no trace of anger in his voice; instead, he was fairly purring. Franques recognized it as his most dangerous mood. "Where did Jim Warren get those letters?"

"If you'll step into this room?" Franques requested.

Lewis followed him in silence. With a wave of his hand Franques indicated the safe—a small, old-fashioned, unsubstantial affair. One stupefied glance and Lewis dropped down on his knees in front of it. The safe had been robbed! The lock had been cut away from the door, clean; the work had been done with a drill. There on his knees Lewis stared dumbly. Here was a possibility he had never foreseen. Franques' wicked eyes lighted.

Finally Lewis arose and fell limply into a chair. Every record of all his multifarious political iniquities had been kept in that safe. If they had all fallen into the hands of another man—Jim Warren —— His face went ashen at the thought, his jaws snapped, his fingers worked nervously; he suffered an odd sensation of choking.

"Is anything else missing?" he demanded suddenly. The question came with an effort.

"Nothing is missing," Franques assured him unemotionally—"not even the letters." He produced them. "Evidently they were photographed and put back."

Lewis began to breathe again. For the second time he dropped on his knees and feverishly ransacked the safe.

"I think you'll find everything there," his henchman ventured. "I've looked through carefully."

But that was something Lewis would take no man's word for, not even Franques'. He removed everything to his desk and for nearly an hour he sat there going through a litter of documents for nearly an hour, and no word was spoken. At last he turned upon Franques.

"Why," he asked slowly—"Why should the man who robbed the safe photograph only those two letters when there are so many other things here that would have been of even greater value to him—to Jim Warren?"

"There is nothing to indicate that everything in the safe wasn't photographed," Franques pointed out quietly.

Realization of this possibility brought Lewis to his feet. He stood glaring at Franques, breathing heavily, his face gone haggard.

"He would have had plenty of time," Franques went on to explain monotonously. "You've been away for two weeks, your apartments have been locked and even the servants in the hotel didn't enter your rooms in that time. I came here once a few days ago and put in the safe the two letters that have been published. One I got back from you; the other was returned by the interests according to your agreement. When they were printed I came again and found everything practically as you see it now. It's clear, then, that if the safebreaker had been able to gain admission between my visits he could have worked at his leisure. You'll notice he didn't blow open the safe. That would have attracted attention."

Lewis listened speechlessly.

"If he did photograph everything in that safe," he broke out violently, "it means ——" He stopped.

"It means you'll have hard sledding to get back to the legislature." Franques finished the sentence for him. "I am assuming, of course, that the other photographs will be given to the newspapers."

"It means more than that, Franques," Lewis declared slowly. "It means that, with all the power I've got in this state, we'll go to jail unless we can recover those photographs. There's no need of using pretty words! Jail for you and for me, do you understand?"

Franques shrugged his shoulders.

"Did you report the robbery to the police?"

"Report this robbery?" Franques seemed astonished. "You have just given the best reason in the world why I should not have reported it. I did not, of course."

"And what do you make of it? Who robbed the safe? Jim Warren?"

"Not Jim Warren certainly," was the reply. "Evidently it is the work of an expert ——"

"Hired by Jim Warren," Lewis interrupted. "And the newspapers—have they any more of the photographs?"

"I hardly think so. I have taken pains to make discreet inquiries and ——"

"Then," Lewis declared sharply, "we've got to stop those photographs before they get to the newspapers."

"How?" Obviously Franques had no ideas of his own on the subject.

"Bluff Jim Warren to a standstill!" Lewis was floundering for a method; he offered the first possibility that came to hand: "Threaten his arrest for safe-robbery? Or forgery?" He stopped and stared at Franques keenly. "He forged those letters that have been printed. Understand?"

Franques shook his head.

"He'd laugh at you," he said.

"Get to the newspapers, then!" said Lewis desperately.

"You might stop a cyclone or a streak of lightning or an earthquake, but you couldn't stop a newspaper," Franques remarked succinctly. "Besides, all the newspapers here are after your hide now."

Lewis' eyes narrowed to mere pinpoints. Fire must be fought with fire.

"There's always one way," he said meaningly. "A clever, bold man could unlock a door or break open a window; or, if necessary, blow a safe ——"

Franques regarded him steadily for a long time. Finally Lewis looked away.

"I understand; but it's dangerous."

"Dangerous!" Lewis flamed suddenly. "Do you think that either you or I could live on the edge of this volcano? I know it's dangerous; I'll pay for the danger and I won't ask any questions." His hands shook a little. "Get 'em—you know what I mean; and do it at once."

"I think I know a man ——"

"Don't tell me about it; I don't want to know," Lewis interrupted. "Get those photographs—I don't care how!"

VII

THREE or four times Jim Warren paused in his writing to glance impatiently at his watch. Midnight had come and gone and the roar of the restless city had sunk to a droning; one o'clock and the droning merged into the sheer silence of night, unbroken save for the sporadic clanging of a street car in some near-by thoroughfare. At twenty minutes past one Jim Warren, listening keenly, caught the sound of stealthy footsteps on the stairs. He grinned expectantly and, leaning forward, pressed the button which shut off the electric lights. Then he sat still in the darkness, waiting.

The footsteps moved along the hall with a peculiar hissing noiselessness on the carpet; now they were just outside his door. Then, for a minute, perhaps, all sounds ceased. At last there came a slight click as a cautious hand tried the knob. By an almost imperceptible movement of the air and a gentle bulging of the window curtains Jim Warren knew that the door had been opened. Ten seconds and the curtains hung limp again. His visitor, whoever and whatever he might be, had entered and closed the door behind him without so much as one squeak. Jim Warren sat staring through the darkness in the direction of the door.

Suddenly the slide of a dark lantern was pushed aside and there came a circular swoop of light, directed first at his bed, which had not been disturbed. It lingered there for an instant, then was turned full in his face. He blinked in the glare of it, but he didn't move.

"You did that very well," he remarked quietly. "That door always squeaks when I open it."

There was a pause; and finally from out of the pall of darkness behind the light, in a pleasant sort of voice:

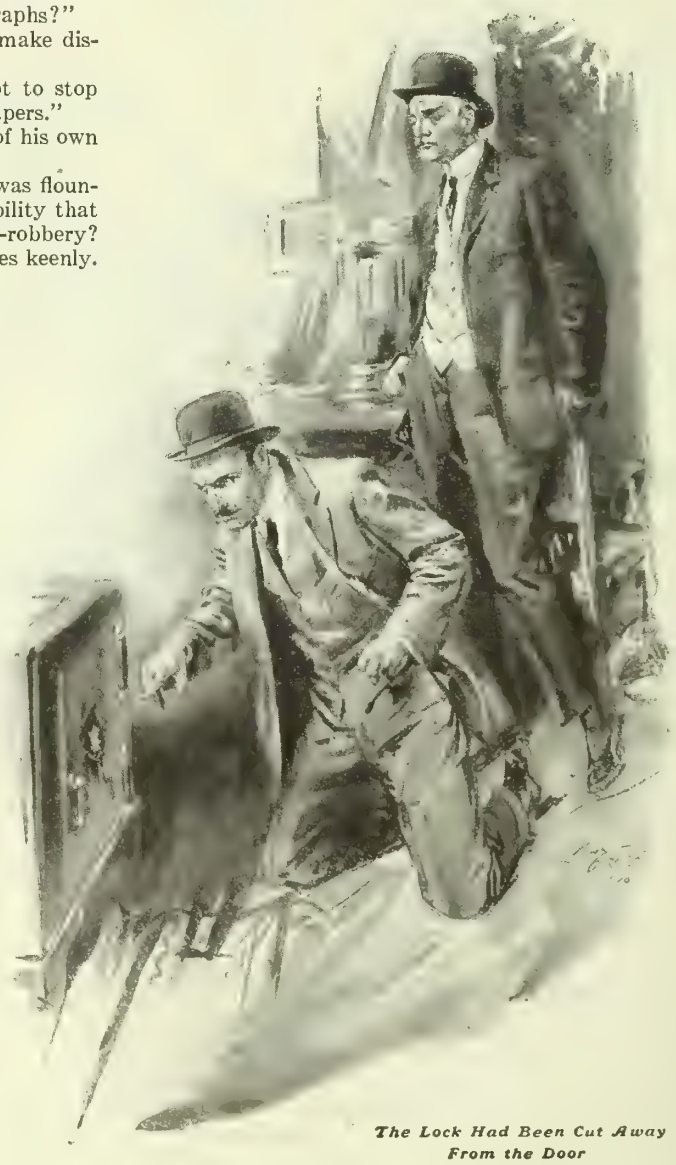
"This is Mr. Warren, I presume?"

"Yes."

Jim Warren leaned forward and pushed the electric button; his lights leaped into life again. It was a sinister figure he saw—a man with the upper part of his face obscured by a mask and the lower part wrapped about with a heavy muffler. The black slouch hat of melodrama was pulled down over his eyes and in his right hand he carried a revolver. The two men regarded each other in silence. Then:

"I am the burglar, sir," said the intruder.

"So I see," said Jim Warren. "Glad to see you. Won't you—er—won't you sit down and have off your mask?"



The Lock Had Been Cut Away From the Door

"Thank you, sir." The burglar came forward and dropped wearily into a chair. "I had expected to find you in bed, sir." It was a complaint.

"I'm sorry," Jim Warren apologized. "I hope I haven't put you to any inconvenience; but I had some letters to write and ——"

"I don't suppose it really matters." The burglar spoke in a tone of deep resignation. "Nothing ever happens as one would have it, sir."

The burglar laid his hat and revolver on the table and untied the cord which held his mask in place. He was rather prepossessing in appearance, with the soft eyes of a woman and a weak, indolent mouth. He drew a handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his forehead.

"It's rather warm tonight, sir," he observed.

"It is; yes," Jim Warren agreed. "Can I offer you a—a glass of water?"

"If it wouldn't trouble you too much, sir."

Jim Warren arose and poured it, then stood by, looking down upon the burglar as he drank.

"And a cigar?"

"Thank you, sir. I never smoke. I have no bad habits."

Jim Warren took the glass and set it down beside the water pitcher.

"Are you a professional?" he asked courteously. "Or is this merely an extraordinary enterprise?"

"It's my regular business, sir. I used to sing tenor for a living, but my voice failed and I had no business training; so I adopted this profession. I'm not very strong and manual labor was out of the question; so ——" He waved his hands. "One must do something, sir."

"Yes, one must do something," Jim Warren assented. "Why not this? After all, it requires only a little nerve."

"Not even that, sir, if one is careful," the burglar explained. "As a matter of fact, I am quite a coward. I quit this business entirely at one time, because of a—of a —— Well, a policeman shot at me and it quite upset me. I remained out of it for six months and only went back to it because my wife and children were in want. I couldn't bear to see them suffer, sir. Since then I've done rather well. I manage to keep my eldest boy in boarding school and I've bought and almost paid for a little home in the suburbs, with a charming garden attached."

Jim Warren had been half smiling as he listened. He picked up the revolver and was examining it.

"A little job of safe-drilling in a hotel comes in the course of your duties at times, I dare say?" Jim Warren asked carelessly.

"You know of that, then, sir?" inquired the burglar. "It took me two days to do that job. It's out of my line, but I did it rather well."

Jim Warren nodded as if some question in his own mind had been answered.

"Perhaps a little photography too?"

"Yes, sir. I made all those photographs, under the direction of Mr.——"

"Never mind," Jim Warren interrupted. Then he came down to the matter in hand. "Now that you are here, what is the next step?"

"You must capture me, sir. There'll have to be a desperate struggle, of course; then you must bind me hard and fast." He unbuttoned his coat and began to reel off yards of rope. "I was afraid you wouldn't have any rope handy, sir; so I brought this along with me."

Jim Warren laughed, deep-throated. The burglar turned his mild eyes upon him inquiringly.

"If you'll permit me," he suggested, "I think I can give the room the appearance of having been upset by a struggle without putting you to the inconvenience of going through it, sir. Let's see! You were sitting at the table writing when I came in. I crept up and leaped upon you from behind. You might upset the ink on the table. That would be rather an artistic touch. And your chair, of course, would be turned over. Then you'll have to muss up your hair, sir. I'll tear my mask across, like this! There! Now I think that will be all, sir, if you will bind me."

Right sturdily did Jim Warren bind him, with his feet drawn together and wrapped in coils of the rope and his hands behind him, knotted securely. Then he picked him up in his sinewy arms and laid him on the bed.

"Is that all right?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I think that will do. If you'll just fling my hat down on the floor and trample on it and muss up my hair? Thanks. I think everything is quite convincing."

"But the revolver?" Jim Warren held it in his hand.

"You'd better take it along, sir," the burglar said." It has only wax bullets in it." He blushed. "It quite unnerves me to think of loading it with real bullets."

"But suppose," Jim Warren queried—"suppose there should come a time when you needed a real bullet?"

"I should let myself be taken, sir, if that's what you mean. I couldn't—I wouldn't hurt any one; and if I am hurt, I carry very heavy insurance, sir."

Jim Warren didn't comment upon the fact that insurance would be invalid if the burglar should be killed or wounded in the practice of his profession; he couldn't bring himself to cast a shadow of anxiety over this gentle soul. He stared at him a minute and went out.

"Do You Know I Have the Strangest Impression of Having Met You Somewhere Before?"

Ten minutes later Francis Everard Lewis was aroused from an uneasy sleep by the ringing of his telephone bell. The sharp clatter of it sent a nervous thrill through him. Franques, of course! Had he succeeded?

"Hello!" he called.

"Hello!" came the reply in a voice he had never heard before. "This Mr. Lewis?"

"Yes."

"This is Jim Warren," came over the wire. "I have one of your voters locked up in my room. I thought perhaps you'd like to come down and talk it over with me."

"One of my—what?" Lewis demanded.

"One of your voters," said Jim Warren. "He's a burglar. He tells me he came to steal some photographs which happen to be in my possession. I captured him. Will you come down and see him?"

"Come down and see him? A burglar! I don't know what you are talking about. Of course I won't come!"

"Very well, then. I'll turn him over to the police."

"Wait a minute!" The request came as if torn from Lewis' throat. "I—I don't know anything about any—any burglar. I think—perhaps—I do know about the—the photographs. I—er—I ——"

"Yes, I think perhaps you do," said Jim Warren. He was grinning into the transmitter. "Those photographs have a price, you know."

"A price!" Lewis' teeth snapped. Why hadn't he thought of that before! "And what is that price?"

"Your withdrawal and the indorsement of Jim Warren, labor candidate, by your machine."

The sheer audacity of the suggestion left Lewis dumb for an instant. When words came at last it was a spluttering that was incoherent over the wire.

"What is it, please?" Jim Warren mocked.

"No!" thundered Lewis.

"Very well," said Jim Warren. "I'll turn the burglar over to the police. Good night." There was a clatter as he hung the receiver on the hook. . . . Five minutes later Jim Warren reëntered his room.

"Didn't hook him that time," he explained in answer to the look of inquiry on the burglar's face. "However, I'll bet eight dollars he spends the most uncomfortable night of his life." He leaned over and unfastened the knots which bound the burglar. "Better run along to the wife and kiddies," he advised. "They'll be worrying about you."

The burglar arose and stretched himself.

"I'm sorry, sir, that all our trouble came to nothing," he apologized. "Good night, sir."

And he went stealthily as he came.

VIII

IN THE aerie height of an office which overlooked the whole of the city of New York Mr. Pointer sat, a shriveled wisp of a man, and—like Teufelsdröckh—peered down "into all that wasp-nest or beehive, and witnessed their wax laying and honey making and poison brewing, and choking by sulphur. . . . The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there; men are being born; men are praying. . . . Councilors of state sit plotting and playing their high chess game, whereof the pawns are men." Mr. Pointer rasped his skinny hands together and cackled dryly. "Whereof the pawns are men!" The phrase pleased him; he played the game himself rather adroitly.

Mr. Pointer was one of the many tentacles of the octopus; a clearing-house of political information and adviser-in-chief of a host of men who guarded the political interests of certain gigantic corporations. He was the one man who knew precisely why Governor Blank was not made United States Senator from the state of So-and-So; and why Dash wasn't returned to the city council from a certain district in the city of This-and-That; and why the mayor of You Know vetoed bill No. 18, which was an act to repeal an act, *et cetera*. He knew these things because it was his business to know them—and the octopus paid him well.

It was to him that Francis Everard Lewis came, panic-stricken. Under the glittering eyes of this shriveled little man he told his story, all of it, from Jim Warren's announcement of his candidacy up to and including the incident of the captured burglar, who had been sent by Franques to recover the photographs. He remembered with abject horror the weary hours following that conversation over the telephone. Jim Warren had said he would turn the burglar over to the police; if he had —— But he hadn't; he had released him. What motive lay back of that he didn't know, unless perhaps it was Jim Warren's desire to keep himself out of a possible controversy as to the breaking open of a certain safe.

"Why were you keeping all your letters and ours?" Mr. Pointer queried curtly. "What was the use of it?"

"I thought perhaps they might be of value at some time," Lewis replied haltingly.

"Of value in case we ever decided to throw you down? Is that right? It was a club over our head?"

"I don't know why I kept them," Lewis said desperately. "Certainly I didn't want them to get into the hands of any one else."

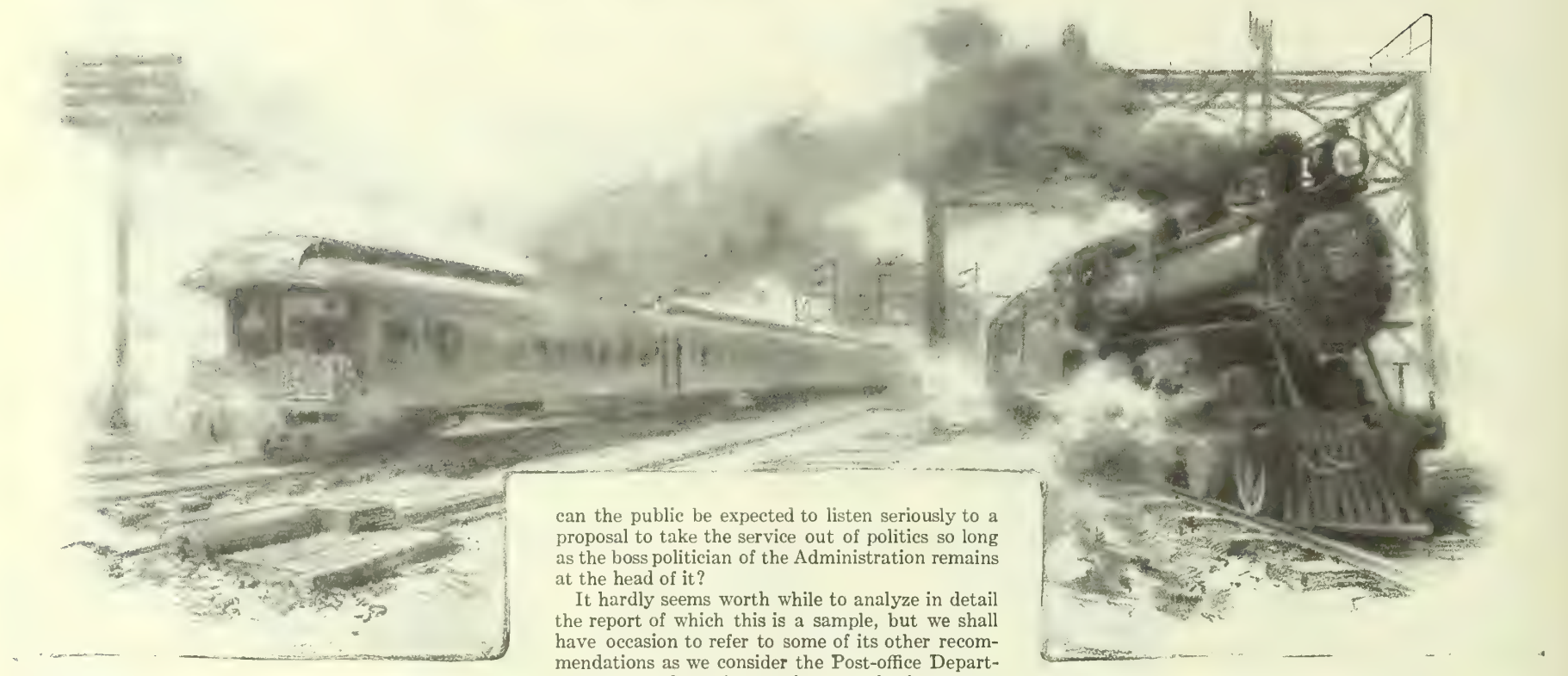
"I understand," said Mr. Pointer testily. "The same scheme has been tried before. It never works." He paused and stroked his withered chin. "Just when was it your—your man tried to recover the letters?"

"Night before last."

"Nothing has appeared since?"

(Continued on Page 35)

The Popular Magazines and a Postal Profit



AN OPTIMIST, according to a definition current on the streets, is a man who makes lemonade out of the lemons that are handed to him. In the Postmaster-General's annual report there are traces of so many ideas that the periodicals have been urging that one is almost tempted to call Mr. Hitchcock an optimist. In these days, however, it is just as well to bring in Doctor Wiley before gulping down anything.

No doubt Mr. Hitchcock believes that his lemonade, colored a beautiful pink with promises of a parcels-post and sweetened with hints of penny postage, will hit the right spot with a thirsty public. Possibly it will with those who do not stop to analyze what they take in; but many things that would go down without question in the good old one-ring-circus days of politics are now viewed with skepticism by a more sophisticated audience.

On analysis one finds that the wholesome lemons, so freely bestowed, have not been used. Instead, the thoughtful mixologist has substituted an inferior acid. Nevertheless we believe Mr. Hitchcock is thoroughly in earnest and absolutely convinced of the merit of his wares. He has peddled pink lemonade among the delighted rubes for so long that he is quite unable to understand a public that is beginning to loathe pink lemonade. His training has been with the show and his methods are those of the showman. It has been his business to get the people into the big tent; to delight and mystify them with the wild man and the bearded lady; to send them home full of pink lemonade—and, after the show, to feed the elephant.

The Hand in a Hundred Million Pockets

NO MATTER how sincerely a man may want to forget the circus and its ways they are hard to get out of the blood. Our younger politicians have begun to see that the times have changed and that their customs must change with them if they are to stay in power. Mr. Hitchcock has profited by the discussion of his Department in the magazines. The process of education has begun in him, but it is doubtful if the public can afford to complete it; for men who have been trained to think along the lines of political expediency can rarely learn to act along the lines of business efficiency. Almost invariably such men take two truths and deduce a half truth from them; and when they start out to be businesslike it is only to make business blunders.

Though Mr. Hitchcock was unquestionably appointed for political reasons and has been recognized as the dispenser of patronage for the Administration, he now echoes the demand of the periodicals that the postal service be taken out of politics. Surely, the reader will say, this is a case where he has used the pure juice of the lemon. Apart from the fact that the Post-office vacancies have now been pretty well filled with Administration men, can the public be expected to listen seriously to a proposal to take the service out of politics so long as the boss politician of the Administration remains at the head of it?

It hardly seems worth while to analyze in detail the report of which this is a sample, but we shall have occasion to refer to some of its other recommendations as we consider the Post-office Department from the point of view of a business man.

A great merchant engaged in a competitive business always asks himself how much—not how little—he can afford to give the public for its money. He depends on close buying, the elimination of waste, cash discounts and an enormous volume of business done on a small margin to make his big profits. At first, monopolistic corporations were inclined to be indifferent to petty savings, careless of the public's attitude, and to go after the ultimate consumer's ultimate dollar. Prudence, however, if nothing else, is beginning to dictate a different course. It is recognized that not only is honesty the best policy, but that efficiency, courtesy and moderation are virtues not to be despised, even by a monopoly. The hogs are still at the trough, but they are slowly being taught to keep their feet out of it.

As yet our postal department has developed neither the survival-of-the-fittest efficiency of the competitive merchant nor the enlightened self-interest of the better public-service corporations. In intention it is a great benevolent corporation in which every man, woman and child in the country is a shareholder. It has been given a monopoly of certain things simply because it was believed that it could do those things more cheaply and more satisfactorily than any individual or set of individuals. It is hardly necessary to point out to those who are familiar with the facts that it does not measure up to these specifications. This is due solely to the indifference and negligence of its stockholders—the people—who have shown no special interest whether or not its corporation was handling its business economically and reaching out aggressively for more.

Despite our Boston tea-party we have submitted to outrageous overtaxation in this country because it was indirect; and we have viewed complacently the yearly waste of millions and the diversion of other millions of possible profits to express companies without understanding that if we were alive to our interests this money would be paid over to us in the form of dividends, just as surely as if we each received a personal check from Uncle Sam.

No one will ever have a proper conception of his Government until he gets it firmly in mind that, every time he buys any article that is taxed, he is actually making two cash payments—one for the article itself and the other for the tax on it. Every time, too, that he sees waste, inefficiency and extravagance in the public service, he must learn to feel a hand actually reaching into his pocket and taking away from him a cent, five cents, a quarter, or even a dollar or two. That is the precise thing which is happening. The Government is large, impersonal; its expenditures are huge but personal. They are taken out of your wages, your earnings. No man can make so little and spend so little that the Government does not dip into his pocket.

The Post-office should pay a profit—of one cent yearly. Every penny that it makes over that—and under businesslike management the amount can be millions—should be returned to its stockholders in the form of decreased charges for service. Though the payment of these dividends would be indirect, just as the collection of a portion of your wages through taxation is indirect, you must understand clearly that they would mean just so much cold cash paid into your pocket. These dividends can and should be given to you in the form of a one-cent letter postage and in maintaining and ultimately in lowering the present rate on second-class mail. An enormous additional dividend could be declared by following the example of every other civilized country and taking into the Post-office the profitable business of carrying parcels, which the people have surrendered to a few express companies.

It may be safely premised that any modern business man who was put at the head of the Post-office, unhampered by politics and politicians, and given authority to reorganize it on a business basis, would reverse the present policy of the Department in many important particulars. For, in essence, that policy seems to be to raise prices on a large part of its business instead of lowering them by decreasing costs; of driving its biggest customers away instead of instituting an energetic campaign for more business.

Playing Parcels-Post With a Limit

NEXT to the schoolboy idea of taxing the advertising in the popular magazines, we can cite no better instance of the present management's sagacity than its recommendations concerning a parcels-post—a business which belongs to the Post-office and which, with its organization and equipment, it could take on with a minimum of trouble and expense. Now the Postmaster-General recommends that the parcels-post be first tried experimentally, when it is a demonstrated success and a profitable adjunct of every important Post-office in the world except ours. Even granting that a parcels-post in America would be an experiment and not a miracle, where should the experiment be tried? Where would a private corporation begin the business of carrying parcels? Would it try out the idea in the backwoods, lay out routes between farmhouses and refuse to take business originating off these routes? Or would it just naturally pick out New York or Chicago, with the thickly settled territory surrounding those cities, and rustle for all the business in sight, gradually extending the service into the more sparsely settled sections that the express companies do not find worth fighting for? Don't bother echo for an answer to this—you can answer it yourself.

This idea of a "limited" parcels-post is typical of the official political mind. The first thing that a business man would do in the Post-office would be to take the limit off.

EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND

VII

By CORRA HARRIS

Author of A Circuit Rider's Wife

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

"I Expect to Make a Few Tracks of My Own!"

I RECKON God produces the most wonderful "serials" in this world. He makes every life so interesting that the man who lives it, and especially the woman who lives it with him, holds on to it far more tenaciously than either of them does to hope or ambition or happiness. Even if they cannot bear each other, they go on living together, like the right hand and the left hand. They love the company of each other's misery. They fit one another's ugliness like homely old garments that have been worn so long they yield to the figure more comfortably than new ones.

As for me, I am thankful that, whatever complaint I may make against Adam's ways, living with him has never been dull. It seems to me I have been like a sort of huge lay figure in a swift, comet-tail romance most of the time. He has always been able and willing to afford all the excitement, anxiety, joy and distress the morbid nature of woman craves. There have been days, it is true, when I have looked up at the cemetery hill beyond Booneville, and have contemplated the old arbor-vitæ above Mr. Bailey's last resting-place with the thought that probably I would rather be buried beside my first husband—I have the feeling that Adam may be restless even in his very grave; but from start to finish I'd infinitely rather live with my second husband. It may be, after you have finished reading this chapter, you will think that is a scandalous preference. I cannot help what you think. There is a lot that is still scandalous in the human, even in good women humans. They may not admit it, or believe it; nevertheless it is there.

And marriage is a queer state, anyhow; much queerer than those people think who try to get into it—and being in, strive to get out. It is not so everlastingly happy as unmarried lovers suppose it is. That sweet-hawthorn, blue-eyed, romantic look of marriage on the outside is the wise lie Nature tells to get them into the yoke of it. Neither is it a sacrament. Because in that case too many bonded modern marriages would be sacrileges. Neither is it merely a "contract" such as some head-end socialists claim. It is a relation, like any other—only nearer. You may get into it sacredly or sacrilegiously, or with no end of sentimental foolishness about not staying together in it one hour after the glory and glamour of love are past. But when either the one or the other gets out, is divorced, both are maimed for life. They experience a death of some immortal member, like love. I have known good women, utterly blameless, who were divorced from their husbands for the best of decent reasons, but I never knew one who could be normal. Something that you cannot see, but which you know and observe, limps forever afterward. And the same thing is true of men. You would not think it, considering that when they are most married they are so much less married than women are. Still, it happens in them also—a strange, irremediable destruction.

However, all this is prefatory to something I am not yet ready to tell. I will go on a little more about Adam.

It is not always easy to be elected to Congress, but once you are elected, being a Congressman is infinitely easier than clerking in a grocery store or plowing corn for a living—that is, unless you are ill bred and want to show off by making speeches and rising like a green exclamation mark to a point of order in the House, when everybody knows that the thing, the bill, or whatever it is, has been mended, amended and settled by the committee beforehand, as usual. All a young Congressman has to do is to keep quiet, follow the old bell-wethers of his party, get a secretary, establish an epistolary relation with his constituents, encourage them to ask for little things like sample betty-bugs to eat other bugs, garden seeds, and different kinds of minnows for their fishponds. Then he must be prompt, faithful and businesslike, with a touch of personal intimacy, in fulfilling their requests. It is not expensive. The Government furnishes the betty-bugs, seeds and minnows.

When Adam had been in Congress ten years there was not a cabbage above ground in his district or a fish under the water thereof that could not trace its lineage back to Uncle Sam. It came to the pass that a man was ashamed if his snapbeans did not have the Government back of them. And there was not a voter anywhere who could not show a friendly personal letter from Congressman West, in Washington. Of course there was occasionally some old dunderhead who demanded something harder to get. Give a constituent an inch and he w ll take an ell. Once, I remember, it was made known to Adam that his reëlection depended upon getting an appropriation to make locks in the river. Adam was worried. I may say he was distracted. For it is much easier to get perch minnows and lettuce-seed out of the Government than an appropriation.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed one day. "I wish this entire district were dry land!"

Then, after a moment's frowning meditation, he concluded:

"But in that case they would have demanded an even greater appropriation to dig a canal through it!"

He spent most of that year in Washington, even between sessions. It seems that there is a great deal of gimlet-work connected with getting money from the Government, and for the first time we had to "entertain." This, I have come to understand, was more embarrassing to Adam than it was to me. For I did not know how to entertain fashionably; I knew only how to be hospitable.

He had added an ell to the house after the children came, which gave us an extra room for company. The only thing I regretted was that the ell took up the space I had always given to poppies in the garden. And it is no use to tell the people of the world who will read this how much I missed my fine red-and-white silk ladies. I do not think the poppy is a moral flower. But it always seemed to sustain the same relation to the other simple-hearted blossoms in my garden that fashionable, alluringly clad women in fast society do to homelier, less attractive women who are far above being in society. Yet I could not help liking them, cherishing them. They came up every spring, and were careful not to do it too soon, like delicate women unwilling to expose themselves to inclement weather. There was an air of exclusiveness about them, as though they had made a fashionable summer resort of the western corner of the garden. And if you plucked one it shed its petals at once, as though it could not bear its surroundings just as those same ladies mentioned above sulk, leave off their finery and loll in ugly kimonos if you take them away from the vainglories of their particular "set." I exhausted my horticultural skill trying to make those poppies bloom somewhere else in the garden. They merely dropped down, withered, as much as to say:

"We simply cannot do it! Our petticoats and parasols have been ruined by this exposure, in these disgusting surroundings."

But, I say, we had the company room, somewhat removed from the confusion created by the children in the rest of the house. And occasionally now Adam brought some friend home with him, who occupied it for a week at a time—a week fraught with mysteries for me and hospitable anxieties for Adam. I always felt as though I were walking in a sort of Coney Island darkness that might terminate in shocking revelations when Adam had a brother politician in the house. Such, for example, as a pretty little wicker basket with an empty bottle lying sideways in it, as though it had been as delicately nurtured as an infant. It had a French label on it, and Adam said it was a "tonic" Senator B. took.

This Senator B. was a remarkable man in many ways besides being an important member of an important committee. He was of small stature, with a shock of black hair, and had the appearance in the face of having been parboiled. He could drink more water than any person I have ever seen, and most of it was expensive mineral water. Really, it was serious. And the more I saw of the strangeness of the senatorial appetite, the less I wondered at Adam's expenses in Washington. A Senator or Congressman, I found, might eat very little, alarmingly little, but it might take twenty-five dollars a week to furnish him with just digestible water. Adam and Senator B. never sat down that summer on the little side porch in front of the company room without having "something to drink" on the table between them and bottles of water in buckets of iced water by their side. It was no trouble to me, for we always hired a negro boy to wait on them whenever we had a statesman in the house. And it was from Aaron, the black boy, that I learned how much mineral water our guest consumed. It seems to me that in public life men eat less and less solid food and depend more and more upon the liquid diet.

Another peculiarity of Senator B. was his mind. He was determined to do such and such a thing with the country. I never understood what, but he spoke of "the country" at large as though it were his golf ball. Washington was simply the tee from which he would send it where he thought best. He believed he was anointed by the Lord for his stroke, and apparently that was the only use he had for a Superior Being—a sort of master of ceremonies to his own greatness. This is the most dangerous kind of statesman there is. He gets a profound "call" to turn the country upside down, and he can do it with a clear conscience when he can do it at all. There is no form of paresis so evident and so common among them as this paresis of egotism, especially when we have worn out a couple of old political parties and have to line up some new ones. The popcorn activity of his ideals seems to him heroic inspiration; and maybe it is. But where one such man succeeds, a hundred fail. I have always thought that the great measure of Adam's strength lay in the fact that he was never an egotist, but was always a dramatist, and of no mean ability; especially when he took a notion to dramatize one of his own half-dozen characters. Thus he secured the influence of Senator B. and eventually through him the money he needed for the river-locks, because he knew how to play the proper complimentary accompaniment to the Senator's egotism. Adam was the simple-minded gentleman in an old-fashioned home, who held down the note of the Senator's achievement long enough to insure its furnishing the bass notes in every conversation. He effaced himself in the political orbit, leaving his guest to flash around it like a split-tail comet of phenomenal speed and splendor. Above all, he was the earnest but helpless champion of his river's needs. He was nothing.

The river was everything, and B. was the anointed of the Lord—anything, everything he called himself.

I have sometimes feared that perhaps I am not as stupid as Adam has always taken such comfort in believing me to be. I say "feared," because he is the kind of man who could never bear the needle-eyed inspection of a shrewd woman. A woman may have a very receptive and even a profound mind without the fact being discovered. Thus, with me, conversation is an involuntary mental disguise. I cannot talk about anything much but the children—what they have said or done. It seems to me I have a passion for telling their little sayings. I can no more help it than an old cat can help licking the fur of her kittens. I feel a kind of glow inside, as though my heart were blooming, when I repeat things like this from little Langston.

"Well, little man," said Senator B. to him one day, "do you expect to follow in your father's footsteps?"

"No," replied the child gravely. "I expect to make a few tracks of my own!"

And I am always nervous for fear every new acquaintance will not realize merely from contemplating Evangeline that she leads all her classes. It seems to me fathers and mothers everybody, in fact—ought to make much of this swift, transient brightness in girls. It is so pitiful the way they stop, glaze over and become dull as women after they have frisked sometimes entirely through a coeducational institution at the head of the class. And most of them do. So, I say, I could not help talking about our boys and praising our girl. Nevertheless, over and above this maternal obsession I have a mind that observes and comprehends vastly more of what goes on about me at large than I could ever reveal in words. For instance, I cannot remember when I have not stood off and watched Adam play stronger, more influential men like Senator B. for what he wanted. Yet I have never mentioned such a thing to Adam, and he is far from supposing me capable of so much observation.

The one object that confuses me is Adam himself. I think more about him and understand him better when he is not present. The moment he approaches me, it is as though I had a strong light flashed in my eyes. I experience ever anew the sweet blindness of love, a sort of automatic devotion to him; and although in the gallery silence of my mind I know exactly how much of his success has been due to mere histrionic ability, I have never hissed him even secretly. It is not his worthiness or his unworthiness that renders him dear to me, but it is himself, the amazing combination his body and spirit make of both. I believe the effort to shield him from the rigors of my own righteous condemnation has forced me to become more of a philosopher than a good woman ought to be. I mean that I am capable of looking at both sides of a question where he is involved, and of bearing with one of his political emergencies in a morally accommodating spirit.

And nothing has ever been so shocking to me as to have some one else recognize in him the same limitations that I have covered with my love by day and my prayers by night. This brings me to relate a certain instance.

So long as Adam was in the state legislature and state senate he controlled his own press—that is to say, he edited the Banner, which was the only newspaper in the section he represented. But when he ran for Congress the hawkeye of more than one newspaper in the state was turned searchingly upon him. Now and then he appeared in the moving-picture show the press made of public men and their adventures, but it was usually in a good-natured way. Besides, I rarely read the papers and did not know that he appeared in them at all until the Mephistocles Commercial Applause, a very prominent paper in the state, suddenly reported in frightful headlines that Colonel Adam West, Congressman from the ——th District, was said to be philandering with certain prominent Republicans at a time when every Democrat should stay by his old lady, or words to that effect. Then followed half-veiled allusions to the "gay and debonair" life that Colonel West led in Washington, and the prediction that it would terminate with the next election if the said Colonel did not pay less attention to what he was doing and more to what he ought to do. The thing was illustrated with a big-headed, spider-legged cartoon of Adam in a perfectly killing attitude of grandiloquent eloquence before the symbolic figure of a stout old elephant. I did not mind the reference to party infidelity. Even a woman knows that too much fidelity to party platforms, party lines and, above all, to party candidates, has been one of the causes of evil administration in this country. But I experienced a nameless anxiety about Adam, as the first Eve might have felt if her Adam had gotten out of Genesis and strayed as far, say, as the Song of Solomon. My fears were the more depressing because of their vagueness. A wife is usually at a disadvantage when she attempts to think out clearly and exactly what her husband has been doing wrong, because as a rule it is unbearably unthinkable.

"And What He Saw of Adam is Enough to Turn Your Hair White, Eve"

I brooded all day over that paragraph in the Mephistocles Commercial Applause which referred so leeringly to the gayety and debonairness of Congressman West; then I wrote the following note:

DEAR ADAM: Come home. I must see you at once. The matter is urgent and affects my happiness. We are all well.

Affectionately yours, EVE.

I suppose the most sterile and naturally expurgated literature in this world is the correspondence between the middle-aged husband and wife. Two days later I received this telegram:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Cannot come now. What is the matter? Write particulars.

ADAM.

I clipped the entire article from the Mephistocles Commercial Applause, marked the sentences exploiting the gay and debonair features of his life in Washington, placed it in an envelope and addressed it to him, with the following note:

DEAR ADAM: It matters little to me whether you follow a donkey or an elephant in your political convictions, and I can bear your being innocently "gay." I know you have a happy disposition. But how do you come by this word "debonair"? That adjective always seemed to me designed exclusively for curly-headed bachelors without family cares. Affectionately, EVE.

In an incredibly short time I received this reply by wire:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Reporter liar. You dearest woman in the world. Be home on 22d.

ADAM.

By this time I was only a very large, deep-bosomed, middle-aged wife. I wore plain dresses and my hair to match, and I had a double chin; but in my heart I was as joyful as the youngest Eve when I read this telegram. Looking back over life, I know the happiest hours I have ever spent have been those in which I believed most firmly some lie Adam has told me. This was true even when I had a profound inner conviction that it was a lie. I only set my faith the sturdier task of believing it. And really this is no harder than believing some of the things one is taught to believe literally in the Bible; in fact—I say it to my regret and shame—I have found it easier to exercise this egregious faith in Adam than in some of the things Moses says he did. I am not throwing off on Moses, you understand, but off and on I have been tempted to believe he exaggerated little circumstances connected with his conducting of the Israelitish expedition. This is the great temptation of great men, and it is by no means an ignoble one. Adam never had it. His fallaciousness was simply the well-embroidered curtain he hung between me and the distressing sight of his shortcoming, his sin, or whatever it was he wanted to hide from me.

So on this day I folded the dear telegram, slipped it into my bosom more slyly than a girl does a love note, and I was reassured, deeply refreshed from my sadness, like a dry field that has had a rain and suddenly feels the ends of a thousand sweet blossoms stirring in its soil. For the hundredth time Adam was my renewed annuity in happiness. All this; yet far within some chapel place of the spirit, where candles dimly burn before every woman's altar, I beheld myself bowed, weeping, inconsolable, because I knew that in spite of Adam's assurance I had been bereaved, that I was in some sense a widow and my children partly fatherless. Many a wife is, and feels it, although she may never know it.

Things are not the way they look. Even the naked eye deceives us. Take a good story. You read it with thrills of delight. You itemize the virtues of the hero. You see his life as a whole, not day by day. You think how good and noble such a man must feel. This is the deception. He feels worried and ill-tempered half the time. If you were in his place, doing the very things the author describes with so much heavenly pigment, you would probably be bored to death or, what is more likely, worked to death, if you chose the part of the hero in the best modern story. Apt as not, you would wind up and out with nervous prostration and a violent disgust at the hysterics of greatness.

What I am thinking of in this connection is the way we, the children and I, were living now in Booneville. It looked idyllic. Our husband and father was away in the world, where a man ought to be, doing his part with distinction, while we remained safe, secluded at home, where the wife and the children ought to be. And everything about the place suggested that one idea—home—a house in which prayers were said about the mother's knees at evening; where bread was set to rise; where every rug and chair and table was a little faded, a bit worn or scratched, as things are in a house gifted with children. And the sounds that went out of it were all sweet sounds: their laughter, their quick, happy cries, their joyful babble, their transient quarrels, their unweaned cries for "Mother," the clatter of their feet, the prints of their fingers everywhere. Outside there were the flowers that had lived and bloomed in the family so long they had become a part of it. When you have gathered the same colored roses from the same bush for, say, twenty years, it is no longer just a shrub, it is your sister, the rose, who has shared your confidences upon sad days and happy days as you came and went and sometimes paused beside it through the thickening years. At first you were a bride, a woman rose, beside it. Then you were a mother, whose baby leaped at the sight of the red beauty of it. And then you were middle-aged and wise in all the troubles and illnesses of roses and babies. You have an intimacy with the old thorn-legged lady by this time that is closer than that with your human next-door neighbor, who may also be a trifle thorny herself.

And you must not forget the dog. I have not mentioned him, but we always kept a dog, just as rich people keep a majordomo. He was a liver-spotted, fatherly looking animal of the mastiff family, that lived upon the doormat on the veranda for many years with the firm intention of seizing a burglar in case one should appear there. None ever did, but this always seemed to me the mark of his great fidelity. Night after night, from his earliest puppyhood down to an old age when his eyes were too dim to see, his legs too stiff to bear him in a chase, he never failed to be on the watch throughout every night for this burglar. If you should ever be going through Booneville, and should pass the side gate of the Adam West place, you will see the grave of this protector of the West family in one

corner of the garden. He was buried there with great pomp and ceremony by Langston and little Adam only a few years ago. You will see his epitaph upon the surface of one of the broad boards in the back fence. It reads thus:

WALLER
AGE OF LANGSTON
DIED JUNE 5
HE WAS A GOOD DOG

There is an epic simplicity always in the praise children bestow.

You will agree that this that I have written about our home and life in Booneville is attractive, suggestive of virtue, honesty, obedience and archaic peace. It has the Eden look. But if you had lived there year after year you would have understood, better than the preachers ever tell, why Adam and Eve were cast out of the garden. They wanted to get out. They were bored. The Scriptures say nothing about it, but from my own experience those two elders of our race would have got out of that place if they had had to eat every apple on the tree of forbidden fruit, tear it up by the roots and fling it over the fence of flaming swords. After a while I had this same discontent in Booneville. I was tired of the same infinitely simple cares that never changed. I had made an Eden for Adam which he appeared to find very restful during his short vacations at home; but for me the duties connected with it were getting tedious. In my opinion, if the Almighty is the careful, loving Father we think He is, He does not have so good a t me as the creatures He has made—He has so many worlds to look after, so many suns to set, so many stars to shine, so many prayers to consider.

I do not know really what was the matter with me. Some of the disorders of women that give them the most distress have never been discovered. As nearly as I could tell, this was a miasma of the spirit. It seemed to me I was tired of being a good housekeeper, a loving wife and a devoted mother. And all at once the thing I was most tired of was Adam's staying away from home so much. Everything went down in a groove and the groove seemed to be located in the deepening furrow between my eyes.

To add to my confusion a good many people began to behave with exaggerated kindness toward me, as though they knew what I did not know—that is, what was the matter with me. I noticed this first in mother. She came in oftener, tried more and more to relieve me of the care of the children; and she began to do little things for me, like the making of pretty garments such as I had not worn since I was a girl. Then she praised me a great deal. Although she had always been so silent, she became talkative and cheerful, the way one is with a very sick person who needs encouragement. It was queer. And that was not all. Mrs. Sears was so attentively kind she became offensive. I suppose I was hard to please. But it seemed that all at once I had become a mendicant, and that my friends and neighbors were trying to keep me from starving to death.

One day Mrs. Sears brought over a jar of preserved Japanese plums.

"I thought maybe it would do you good, even if you don't like 'em, just to know folks are thinking about you," she said, looking at me curiously.

Then, after a pause, she added:

"I should think you wouldn't be satisfied living here and Colonel West so far away yonder in Washington."

"I am accustomed to it after so many years," I answered.

"Still, it seems to me a wife ought to stay with her husband; seems it would be safest."

"It is too expensive to take the children to Washington; besides, Adam wants to keep the home here. He is fond of it."

"Do you ever hear from him?" was her next question, which offended and astonished me.

"Adam writes to me every day of his life. Why?"

"Well, I wouldn't have thought it," was her enigmatic reply.

The next afternoon, as I sat on the veranda sewing buttons on one of little Adam's jackets, Aunt Rebecca Langston came in. She was my Uncle Sam's wife. She was a very fat old woman, with thin gray hair, large pale-blue eyes, a small mouth with the shadow of a mustache above it, and she had a nose that had not aged in a single line since she was thirteen years old. It was short, soft, almost bridgeless, and turned up at the end. Really, one did not know what to think of it until Aunt Rebecca began to talk. Then it was perfectly clear. She was still a mischievous little girl of thirteen in her mind. And her nose was the warning Nature held up to let people know it.

She had a spiteful little theory of self-righteousness, which led her to say and do things with no more reference to consequences than a child has. She was the kind of person who, being a Protestant, would have taken pleasure in poking the altar cloth in a Catholic cathedral with the muddy end of her umbrella. She knew how to make the most of being irresponsible. Everybody humored her because everybody was afraid of her. Whenever you saw her coming you knew there would be a killing before she left. Somebody's reputation would have to give up its ghost. She could not talk except in the vernacular of scandal.

She sat down beside me with the air of being ready to tell me if I asked her. I did not ask her. I had a vague dread that she had the sword of her tongue drawn upon something or somebody near me.

"Have you seen old man Todd since he came back from Washington?" she demanded.

"No."

"Well, he saw Adam. And what he saw of Adam is enough to turn your hair white, Eve."

"What?" I asked faintly.

She drew her chair nearer with a hitch, poked her eye right into my face and exclaimed:

"Do you mean to tell me, Eve, that you have no suspicion of what has been the talk of this town for more than six months?"

"I have no idea, Aunt Rebecca, what you are referring to."

She drew up and leaned back in her chair, placing one fat hand upon each of her fat sides. She was taking aim at me.

"Well, I'd like to see Sam Langston make such a fool of me as Adam has made of you. Sitting up here working for a man and nursing and bringing up his children for him while he sashays around Washington with another woman!"

The silence of death had fallen upon me. It seemed that the old heart-strangler was disappointed. She had expected a scene. She did not know that what she saw was frightful—a woman sitting up and dying without the relief of being able to change expression.

"Look here, Eve; I hope you are not going to be the coward your mother was before you."

"Mother? What has mother to do with this?" I asked her.

"I am talking about the way she let your father behave without ever so much as opening her mouth. There's nothing she hasn't taken from that man. It's been like she was on the rack all these years and determined he should not make her cry out. He's wasted her property, he's a drunkard, and he's run around with other women. And your mother knows it. I've told her myself. But she never lets on. It ain't respectable, and I do hope you'll not follow after her."

"I'll not," I managed to say.

She was so comforted with this assurance that she made haste to end her visit.

Later in the evening mother came in, and I wondered as I looked at her that I had never suspected her sorrow. It was written like an elegy in the wrinkles upon her face.

"Mother," I said, "do you know about it?"

"About what?" she asked.

"About Adam?"

"Yes," she answered, regarding me quietly, as though from a great distance.

"Oh, mother!" I cried. "What ought I to do?"

"If women knew the answer to your question we could transform the world."

I was lying upon the bed. She sat beside it with folded hands, too poor to console, too upright to offer a lie. Presently she went on, not to me, but like one accustomed to reasoning with the shadow of herself.

"There is something in most men which no good woman understands. Apparently it is their antecedent nature. They trust good women with their honor, to bear their children, and there is no one in the world who reveres them as men do, no one who abominates bad ones as men do. Nevertheless, the bad ones attract them, not more nor so long. And they often squander upon the latter what would crown and reward the former." She sighed.

"But, mother, what are we to do? What am I to do? If I had not found out it would not degrade me to go on living with him. But now, how can I?"

"I do not know, my daughter. I have sometimes thought that we do not exercise the natural privilege of killing our husbands as often as we ought to!"

"Mother!" I gasped.

It was like looking into a volcano at the bottom of a quiet sea. Her face had the same elegy look, yet she was talking of murdering father in the same tone she would have discussed putting a mustard plaster on his back. As for me, I'd as soon have thought of killing one of the children as Adam.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Mother," I Said, "Do You Know About It?"

A Question of Sleep

THERE used to be, and perhaps is now, a company of brave fire laddies in Albany, Oregon, known as the Linn County Fire Company, No. 2. It was a volunteer organization and pretty near all of the best people in the city belonged to it, including United States Senator Chamberlain.

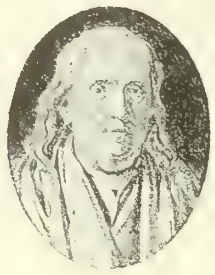
In this town was a young lawyer, whose father was very rich and who had been sent to an eastern law school. Since his graduation he had done nothing except open an office, because he had plenty of money. This young lawyer was proposed for membership in the Linn County Fire Company.

"We cannot elect him," one of the members protested. "The constitution of our company says that the members of it must sleep in Albany and live here in the city; and he lives out of town on a farm and not in the city at all. He would be of no value at all in case of a fire at night. He doesn't sleep here at night."

"No," replied Chamberlain; "it is true he doesn't sleep here at night, but he sleeps here in his office all day."

And they elected him on that ground.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 7, 1911

The Year's Business

WHAT, after all, was the matter with 1910? Farms and mines, our great sources of primary wealth, never yielded more bountifully. Distribution of goods, as marked by gross receipts of railroads, was on the largest scale ever known. Bank clearings were practically at high-water mark. Bank deposits made a new record. But the latter part of the year the tone of business was rather sober. Business can never be sober without giving some people the blues.

Lugubrious outgivings by the railroads, with a view to the pending freight-rate inquiry, and their curtailment of steel purchases, contributed somewhat to the sobriety; but even the railroad talk referred simply to future credit. Upon that more or less intangible point all the apprehensive eyes were focused. Something, somehow, was going to disturb credit. That was really all that was the matter with 1910. Liquid capital, to be sure, was very fully employed. To put it briefly, individual deposits in national banks during the year increased a hundred and eighty million dollars, but loans increased three hundred million and the banks' cash increased only eleven million—roughly six per cent of their increased deposit liability. Commercial failures, however, were by no means alarmingly numerous, showing only about a normal rate of commercial mortality.

By no figures can the state of credit be fully determined. It is partly a state of mind. Thus, the most annoying thing about it is, that if you say credit is going to be disturbed it is, to some degree, disturbed already.

Taking stock of one's goods, after a long interval, is apt to be a sober proceeding. During the year there was a great stock-taking. The Insurgent movement meant: "Let's spread out this old stuff now and see whether it's sound or worm-eaten." Between that and the sober business tone there may have been a subtle connection. We are the only people who consider sobriety in business a misfortune; and no doubt we really produced and distributed in 1910 more wealth than ever before.

The Supreme Court and Politics

BEFORE appointing two new members of the Supreme Court, President Taft consulted certain Insurgent Senators who might awkwardly oppose confirmation by the Senate of appointments that were offensive to them. Probably the attitude of the Insurgents was expressed by Senator La Follette when he said the new Justices should not be men "whose legislative or judicial records showed bias toward special interests or whose legal connections would tend to prejudice them in favor of such interests."

But the Financial Chronicle, which consistently represents the most conservative Wall Street opinion, finds it "extremely disturbing" that the President consulted the Insurgents at all in this connection. "It is a shock to one's sense of propriety," it says, "to have him seriously confer with men of the La Follette type"; for when La Follette "speaks of 'special interests' he means the very interests which it was the purpose of the Constitution to safeguard."

In short, the fact that a Justice was acceptable to the Insurgents would render him objectionable to the Chronicle clientele, and a Justice whom the latter admired would be an object of suspicion to the former.

Here, of course, was no question of mere legal ability. Neither side supposed the President would appoint any one who was not a first-rate lawyer. The whole question was as to the record and attitude of the appointees upon a great political issue—what their personal feelings, leanings, prepossessions were regarding the political issue upon which more and more the country tends to divide. This illustrates how much purely political power has, in the course of a century and a quarter, devolved upon the court. Possessing purely political power, it is bound to be an object of political solicitude and influence. We suppose the court's next evolution will be to divest itself of this purely political power by refusing to annul any legislative act unless it appears clearly, unequivocally, beyond all reasonable doubt, that the act runs counter to the Constitution. Construing laws would then be simply a judicial function. The leanings and prepossessions that produce our five-to-four decision would have little place in it.

Freedom of Speech

IT ALWAYS seemed to us a shame that Emperor William shouldn't be permitted to say, whenever he felt like it, that he ruled by divine right, or that he was going to knock King George's block off next week. Talk is such a comfort to men that it's really a pity anybody should begrudge anybody else the joy of saying anything he chooses.

But even we Americans cannot enjoy real freedom of speech. At a dinner in London, it seems, one of our gallant naval officers pledged the United States to "spend her last dollar and shed her last drop of blood" in support of the mother country. Why should anybody have taken umbrage at that? It shows that the dining was very good that evening; the officer was evidently enjoying himself. So far as we personally are concerned, any deserving public servant is heartily welcome to pledge our last cent-piece and last red corpuscle and every scrap of bone in our frame to anybody he likes. So long as he doesn't ask us to sign the dinner check he may freely present us and our posterity unto the farthest generation to any one in sight, from the host to the hat boy. It may please him and it cannot possibly harm us.

We stand for free speech. It costs nothing; it harms nobody who isn't looking rather for a chance to be harmed—mostly it means nothing and it is a great pleasure to the speaker.

The Verdicts on Mr. Ballinger

WITH vast labor the Secretary of the Interior has been duly investigated and officially reported upon. So far as we are able to see, his case stands just where it stood before. The minority report, condemning him, was subject to the imputation that inevitably arises when a man is tried by his opponents. Probably the majority report, warmly approving him, will be even more lightly dismissed as the work of his devoted partisans. The minority report did not find him guilty of any illegal act. The majority report, not content to find him guiltless of illegal acts, gravely declares that he faithfully performed the duties of his high office "with an eye single to the public good."

Therein lies the crux of the Ballinger case. Probably no bipartisan Congressional committee would be competent to pass upon it—or, at least, could convince the country of its competence. Such a committee might decide convincingly whether the Secretary, in a given instance, had violated a certain law; but violation of law is a comparatively infrequent and negligible factor in maladministration. The real question was whether the Secretary performed the duties of his high office "with an eye single to the public good"; and that, except with outright violation of law, must nearly always be simply a matter of opinion. There is a political view—not an absolutely untenable one either—according to which handing over public resources to whoever can exploit them most rapidly is highly conducive to the public good, because it "develops our resources," employs labor and makes the wheels of trade turn briskly; but the opinion of the majority of the committee on that point is hardly, we think, the opinion of a majority of the country.

Feeding Europe via Argentina

WE HAVE several times referred to this country's present insignificant rôle as a purveyor of wheat to Europe. In the last half year, as compared with three years ago, our exports of that cereal show a decline of fifty per cent, though the exports of Russia, India, Argentina, and so forth, have increased a hundred per cent.

In an even more striking way Argentina has supplanted us as an exporter of beef. Ten years ago we shipped abroad a hundred and sixty thousand tons of chilled or frozen beef while Argentina shipped twenty-five thousand tons. Last year our shipments had fallen to fifty-five thousand tons and Argentina's had risen to two hundred and ten thousand tons. Meanwhile our exports of live cattle and sheep have fallen to one-quarter what they were.

In little more than a decade a notable revolution has occurred in Argentina's meat trade. As recently as 1897 live cattle and "jerked" beef were the chief items; but these items have shrunk to only a third of what they were, while exports of chilled beef have risen more than ninefold.

The most interesting point about this Argentine revolution is that, so to speak, we caused it. None other than our old friends the Chicago packers personally conducted it. The "Big Four" are now as potent in the South American republic as here. According to the report of Agent Whelpley, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, the meat industry of Argentina is practically in the hands of the "Big Four." They are still feeding Europe with beef as before; only, for the export trade, they have shifted their base of operations from the Missouri to the River Plate—a comparatively trifling detail.

Our Government says the packers are a combination in restraint of trade. They certainly haven't restrained Argentina's trade. To break up an organization that can revolutionize a big country's meat industry in a decade seems to us about as foolish as to require farmers to thresh by horse-power because a steam engine, if recklessly managed, would probably set fire to the strawstacks.

The Pessimists of Labor

RAILROAD men admit that efficiency would be promoted by a general piecework-and-bonus system. The workman of more than average skill and energy would then be paid accordingly. Every workman would have an immediate incentive to develop his skill and energy as highly as possible. Men cannot be equal in those qualities. Here is a man whose capacity is easily ninety. If he puts forth only seventy-five, and there are a good many like him, the loss must be large. The union system, broadly speaking, contemplates paying everybody a uniform rate based on the average man's capacity. It must tend to low efficiency as compared with a system that would incite men to put forth more than the average capacity.

But labor unions have opposed the bonus plan and can cite bitter experience in support of their opposition. Under a perfectly developed sweating system the strongest and most skillful workman is incited to produce at his highest capacity. His output is then taken as the normal; weaker and less skillful hands are penalized for falling short of it. The most productive hand gets barely a decent living; the less productive gets something less. That this has happened over and over, no impartial student of the subject will deny. Union opposition, in short, is based upon a profoundly pessimistic view that capital preys upon labor; and, if it discovers or develops a further reservoir of productiveness in labor, will simply appropriate it, leaving labor no better off than before.

This pessimistic view has much historic sanction. To a degree it is a heritage from the cheerful days when labor was put in jail for trying to organize. Every denunciation of labor organization today helps to perpetuate it. Only by tolerance, an open mind, a fair judgment, a modest tongue, will any advance be made toward ameliorating the antagonism and suspicion between capital and labor, which certainly in one way and another costs a good deal.

Treasures Not in Heaven

WHILE Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid carefully "salted down" his money. His first care was to prevent pious subjects from assassinating him. To that end he adopted amazing precautions—secret passages, coats of mail, abrupt changes of sleeping-place, tests for poison and so on. His next care—with a wise suspicion that the tenure of such a ruler as himself might prove insecure—was to put aside an ample fortune where no vicissitude of oriental politics could reach it. We may be sure he devoted much anxious thought to this subject; and he finally deposited several million dollars with the Imperial Bank of Germany under an agreement that it should not be surrendered except upon an order signed with his private signet. When Abdul was deposed the new government went after his money, and the other day the German Supreme Court gave a decision directing the bank to hand it over.

Of course, we sympathize with Abdul more or less. To sit tight and snug is an alluring thought—to be perfectly safe; to get whatever we treasure carefully salted away so that nobody can possibly reach it and we can enjoy it in complete security, no matter what happens to anybody else. This is an enticing thought. It is also, we believe, the leading thought of a rat. Unfortunately—perhaps—the thought is quite impractical. A man's cowardice actually does him no good. He's got to take his chances whether he wants to or no. He's got to go on trust however little stomach he may have for it. Therefore, to trust frankly and to take the chances boldly save at least a great deal of bootless worry.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Earning a Funeral

STANDING on a corner and meaning no harm, one afternoon in New York five years ago, there might have been seen a young man swathed in the fashionable garments of the period, but, at that, not entirely disguised by his frock coat, lavender puff, gray trousers, top hat and yellow spats. The casual observer could have noted, had he wished, that said paraphernalia enveloped a very husky young person, some six feet tall and weighing in the neighborhood of some two hundred and thirty pounds.

The corner this vision appeared on was on Madison Avenue, and there was passing up the street at the time an imposing funeral procession. There were several companies of the National Guard, two or three bands and twenty-five hundred of the pick of the police force of the metropolis.

"Whose funeral is it?" the young man asked of a patrolman who was not in the parade, but on duty at that corner.

"Mr. Lindley's."

"And who was Mr. Lindley?"

"He was third deputy police commissioner."

The young man watched the procession until the last platoon had swung by. He had been a soldier and he was impressed. "Gee!" he said to himself; "I would like to have a funeral like that myself." He walked on up the street, turning that thought over in his mind. At another corner he stopped and fought the thought to its logical conclusion. He would like to have a funeral like that himself. Yes. The man who had been so escorted to his last resting-place had been third deputy police commissioner. Yes. The rest of it was clear as day. The only way to have such a funeral was to go out and get that job.

Whereupon, Rhinelander Waldo—for it was none other—set about becoming third deputy police commissioner of New York. At almost that exact moment Mayor McClellan removed Police Commissioner McAdoo and appointed General Bingham to that important but troublous job. Bingham hadn't been in office half an hour until it began to rain telegrams on him from all parts of the country asking him to appoint Captain Rhinelander Waldo, late of the Army and of the Filipino Scouts, to the third deputyship. Waldo knew a lot of Bingham's Army friends and he had stirred them up.

In a day or two the young man called on General Bingham.

"What can I do for you?" asked the General.

"I'd like that job as third deputy."

"But I have appointed a third deputy and a second deputy. There is nothing left but the first deputy."

"All right," said Waldo genially. "I'll take that."

"Have you any political influence?" asked Bingham. "Do you know Mayor McClellan, or Charles F. Murphy, or Tim Sullivan, or any other politician in this city?"

"Not one of them," replied Waldo. "I never met any of them."

"Well," said Bingham, "I like your nerve. Come on over to the City Hall and I'll introduce you to the mayor."

They went over. "Mr. Mayor," said the General, "this young man is Rhinelander Waldo, and he desires to be first deputy police commissioner."

"He is alone, I take it, in his desire," commented the Mayor, but he shook hands with Waldo. Then Waldo began to talk and fifteen minutes later he was sworn in as first deputy, at that time being aged twenty-eight years.

Why He Consorts With the Roughnecks

WALDO was at his desk in half an hour and next morning the papers had long stories about the Dude in Politics. Police headquarters at 300 Mulberry echoed with the hoarse hoot, the society papers came along later with their yarns about the scion of the ancient and exclusive Waldo and Rhinelander families who was consorting with roughnecked policemen, and many a quip was quipped and many a quirk was quirked about this earnest young person who seemed to think he might be of some use to the city.

You see, they had overlooked a few facts about Waldo. They didn't know much concerning him, except that he was born at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street and was surely of the most exclusive social set. Later they began to find out that this husky young person had quite a record, although not yet thirty. He was made a second lieutenant by President McKinley when we began sending troops to the Philippines and was assigned to the Seventeenth Infantry. He appeared in the Philippines in uniforms he had had made farther down on the street where he was born, in New York—as immaculate a young lieutenant as they had seen out that way for some time. So they put him out in the bush and he went at it, fighting in many battles against the insurrectionists and apparently not at all concerned whether any of the little brown brothers potted him or not. Indeed, his fellow-officers say he seemed to look on the fighting as a pleasant diversion.

It wasn't long before they made him a first lieutenant and then a captain of Filipino Scouts. He was on the staff of Hell-roaring Jake Smith and later on the staff of General Leonard Wood. They gave him various independent commands out in the island, and he made good as a soldier. He resigned from the Army in 1905 and returned to New York. After loafing for two or three weeks he got his place in the police department. While he was in the police department he went to Europe to study traffic regulations, and also introduced the Scotland Yard finger-print system of identification into the detective bureau.

He resigned as deputy commissioner in 1907 and Mayor McClellan selected him to organize the police force for the Catskill Aqueduct, the new watershed for New York City's supply of water. He ran for Congress in 1908, but was not heard of, except in the scattering column in the returns, although he made cart-tail speeches all over the district. He went again to Europe in 1909 and studied municipal administration; when he got back he looked into the accounting and financial systems of several big corporations.

Then, when he was thirty-three years old, on January first, 1910, Mayor Gaynor appointed him Fire Commissioner. That is somewhat of a job. The New York fire department has almost forty-five hundred uniformed officers and firemen, covers an enormous and congested territory, and is the biggest fire-fighting force in the world. In addition there is apparatus enough to make you dizzy—sixteen hundred horses, several hundred civilian employees, and a lot besides; enough to keep any husky young man busy. Waldo jumped in. He started to reorganize the Bureau of Combustibles. The old-timers in the department asked him what he knew about explosives and such. He showed them his diploma from the School of Mines. He issued some instructions about the horses. Again the old-timers inquired where he got any knowledge about horses. He told them he had charge of two thousand head for two years when he was in the Philippines. Then he installed an accounting or checking system. They harshly inquired how he qualified as an expert on such things. He informed them he had been studying checking and accounting systems for several months.

In addition to these few phases of knowledge, Waldo is also an electrical engineer, with a full knowledge of mechanics; a telegraph operator, and has also made a side line of naval architecture. Moreover, though he belongs to the ultra-exclusive Union Club, he generally drops into the New York Athletic Club of a late afternoon and puts on the gloves for a few rounds with Mike Donovan, or anybody else of his weight who is around. Being Fire Commissioner, he can drive his automobile as fast as he likes, and his favorite rate of speed is sixty miles an hour. He can speak Spanish, French, Italian and some German, and he works twelve hours a day.

Waldo's private income is fifteen hundred dollars a month. His salary is eight thousand dollars a year. Everybody in his family is rich and none of his set can understand why he prefers to be consorting with rude and uncultured firemen instead of taking that place in society that he might command. One of his cousins, a Rhinelander, who spends most of his time abroad, met Waldo soon after he was made deputy police commissioner. "Hello, Waldo!" he said. "I heah you've been made sheriff, or some such bally office."

Still, there are a lot of people who do understand why he would rather be Boss of the Fireman than Leader of the German; and perhaps that is why he prefers it.

COPYRIGHT, PACH BROS., N. Y.

He Would Rather be Boss of the Fireman Than Leader of the German

A Sagacious Shortstop

THERE was a meeting of the small league baseball men in Chicago a time ago, and of course everybody told baseball stories. One manager told of a shortstop in his club who had a grudge against an umpire. Before the game the player bragged to his teammates of what he would do to the umpire if the umpire started anything on the field. There was no trouble, it happened, and when the club got back to the clubhouse the shortstop told his teammates how lucky the umpire was that he did not try to renew the trouble between them.

"I was ready for him," said the shortstop, "for I would have laid him out. I have two large pool balls in my pocket I brought out from the hotel, and I'd have soaked him with them. They were the largest I could find too, for I picked out the fourteen and the fifteen."

Alco Hall

A MAN who made his money in New England selling liquor built an imposing house out of the profits.

He wanted a name for the house. So he went to a friend skilled in such things and told him of his need. "I want a fancy name," he said—"some hall or other, you know."

"Sure," said the friend. "Call it Alcohol."

Valuable Words

THE subject of word rates paid to authors was under discussion, as it always is when authors are gathered together, that being the principal concern of authors.

The old yarns about Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling and Conan Doyle were told, with some trimmings on the dollar-a-word Colonel Roosevelt was said to have drawn down, when the non-literary wife of one of the geniuses present broke in: "Pshaw!" she said. "Those rates aren't much. I know a woman who gets sixty cents a letter for her literary efforts."

"Sixty cents a letter!" scoffed everybody present. "No such thing. Never was such a rate paid."

"There is so," she insisted. "I tell you I know a woman who gets sixty cents a letter for her work."

"Well, who is she?"

"The woman who embroiders script initials on my towels and tablecloths and napkins."

The Hall of Fame

℄ J. P. Morgan bought five thousand one-dollar cigars for Christmas presents for his personal friends.

℄ Daniel G. Reid, the big railroad man, likes orchids and keeps bunches of them in every room in his house.

℄ F. W. Lehmann, who is to be the new Solicitor-General, was born in Prussia. He has one of the finest libraries in St. Louis.

℄ August Keller, who is to manage the Ritz Hotel in New York, has managed hotels in London, Paris, Berlin and Rome—and still lives to tell the tale.

℄ Scott C. Bone, editor of the Washington Herald, was an Indianapolis city editor years ago, and as such found Meredith Nicholson, the Indiana novelist, in a law office, dragged him out and made a reporter of him.

In 350,000 Miles of Travel in the Servic
Sixes Reduce the World's Lowest Upkee

Here are the Results for Three Years

Year	Cars	Total Mileage	Total Upkeep Expense
1910	10	165,901.9	$ 6.96
1909	10	118,503	127.30
1908	10	65,687.4	15.13
Totals	30	350,092.3	$149.39

Grand Average . . . 43 Cents per 1000 Miles

These Are Sworn Statements

Every figure in this advertisement is supported by the sworn statements of the car owners whose names are printed in the three annual lists.

Made by Car Owners

All these owners are well and favorably known in their several communities—people of business and social standing.

Covering a Definite Time

The mileage credited to each car was covered (odometer measurement) by that car in the service of its individual owner, between these dates:

1910 records—April 1, 1910, to November 30, 1910.
1909 records—November 1, 1908, to June 30, 1909.
1908 records—November 1, 1907, to June 30, 1908.

And Total Repair Expense

The upkeep expense charged against each car is sworn to as "the total cost of repairs on said automobile between said dates (exclusive of tire repairs)."

Reports Made Monthly

Each owner made a report each month between the dates stated.

And Accepted by Disinterested Judges

Each report of mileage and upkeep expense was passed upon and accepted by a committee of judges, having no connection with the Winton Company. These judges acted with unrestricted authority, and have themselves made affidavits covering their annual decisions.

The Net Result

Every possible precaution has been taken to present to the automobile world an absolutely authentic record of the cost of upkeep expense for Winton Six cars.

And, due to these precautions, to the character of the owners whose reports are listed, to the review by disinterested judges, and to the fact that all these records were made by stock models, owned and driven in individual service, these figures supply upkeep evidence worth the consideration of every car buyer who is interested in the cost of keeping a car in operation after purchase.

Upkeep Records of 1910

Car Owner	City	Total Mileage	Total Upkeep Expense
1. W. T. Boutell	Minneapolis	21,127	$1.40
*2. J. E. Clenny	Chicago	19,015	.30
3. W. J. Friedlander	Cincinnati	18,809	.30
4. Martin Daab	Hoboken, N. J.	17,130.9	None
5. Isaac Bacharach	Atlantic City	17,390	$3.46
6. L. T. Peterson	Youngstown, O.	15,790	None
7. W. B. Martin	Cleveland	14,847	None
8. H. M. Cheney	Toledo	14,059	None
9. S. S. Boothe	Los Angeles	13,526	None
10. H. J. Phipps	Boston	14,208	$1.50
Totals		165,901.9	$6.96

* Same car won prizes in 1908 and 1909 contests.

Upkeep I

Car Owner
*†1. J. E. Clenny
2. Isaac Bacharach
3. G. W. Frost
‡4. T. N. Barnsdall
*5. Jacob Axelrod
6. Loftus Cuddy
7. Wm. Burnham
8. W. B. Martin
9. W. B. McAllister
10. H. W. Mallen
Totals

* Same cars used in 19
‡ Car equipped with li

Proof is Always

We want you to know the inside story about these upkeep records.

When the Winton Six was first marketed in 1907, the one objection urged by competitors was:

"More cylinders, more trouble, more expense."

It was up to us to prove this objection false.

What Proof to Get

How to establish this proof was reasoned out as follows:

Proof must come from car owners themselves, representing actual experience with Winton Sixes in every-day individual service.

Proof must be shown in figures of mileage and expense, for:

1—Automobile trouble always cuts down mileage.
2—Automobile trouble always increases expense.

Thus, very naturally, we determined to secure, from Winton Six car owners, authentic records of their mileage and of the expense of keeping their cars in best running condition.

How to Get Proof

In order to secure reports with systematic regularity, it was decided to offer awards.

Not to car owners, be
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But to the chauffeurs
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Fir

The first contest, beg
of 65,687 miles traveled

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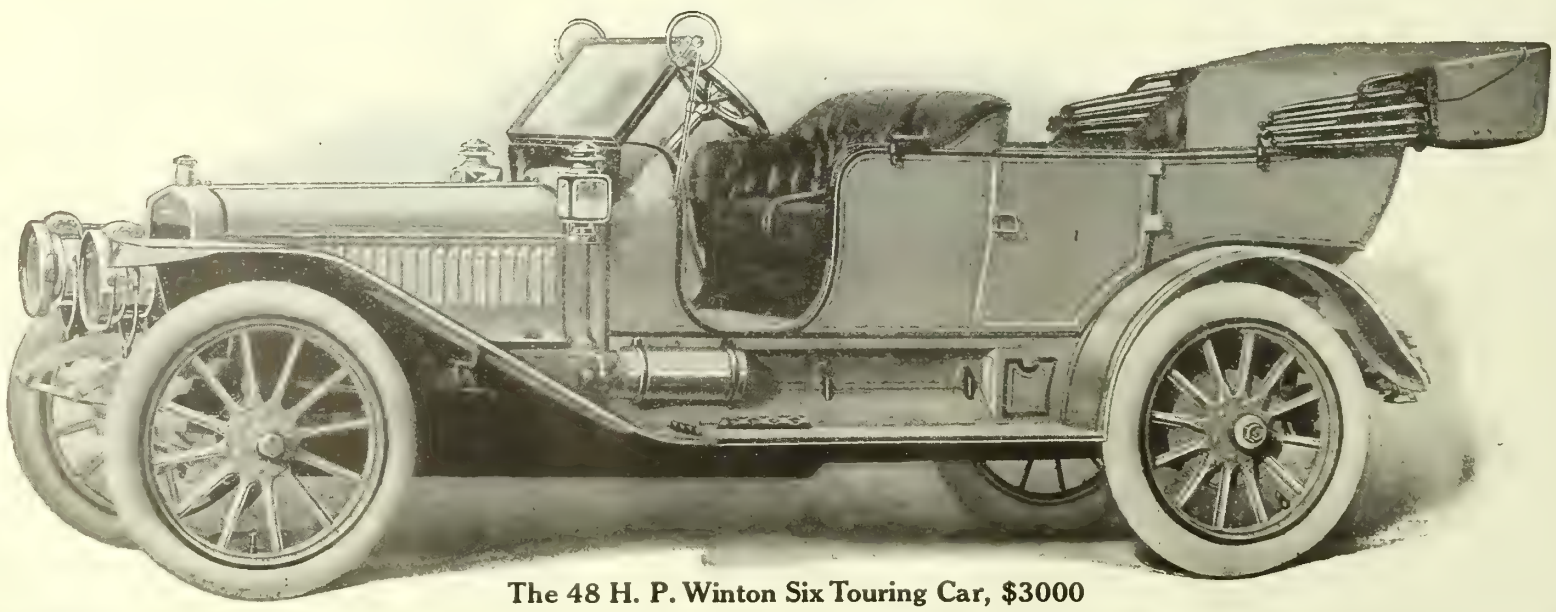
We determined to
continue to run year af
other cars, but at less e

So the $2500 contest



The 48 H. P. Winton Six Touring Car, $3000

Winton Six Bodies include touring type with and without four doors, toy tonneau, torpedo, roadster, landaulet and limousine

f Individual Owners Winton
ost to 43 Cts. per 1000 Miles

WINTON SIX

of 1909

Total Mileage	Total Upkeep Expense
17,003	None
11,000	$ 0.30
10,595	None
15,669	$31.15
17,720	60.00
8,728	.30
8,702	None
10,726	$ 7.50
10,788	26.55
7,572	1.50
118,503	$127.30

ed with limousine body.
ber 15th to April 15th.

Upkeep Records of 1908

Car Owner	City	Total Mileage	Total Upkeep Expense
1. Milton Schnaier	New York	11,683	$12.00
2. Jacob Axelrod	New York	7,570	None
3. H. S. Pickands	Euclid, Ohio	6,632.8	None
4. Jas. T. Brennan	Brooklyn	6,806	$ 3.00
5. Warren Somers	Atlantic City	6,183	.03
6. Mrs. L. R. Speare	Newton Centre, [Mass.	6,113.6	None
7. Jos. Fish	Chicago	5,535	None
8. H. H. Roelofs	Elkins Park, Pa.	5,415	None
9. J. E. Clenny	Chicago	5,155	None
10. E. A. Rooney	Buffalo	4,594	$ 0.10
Totals		65,687.4	$15.13

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Sixes could and would
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Second Year's Proof

The second annual contest, begun in 1908, established a record for ten cars of 118,503 miles traveled on $127.30 upkeep expense.

In this contest prizes were won with two cars that had also competed the previous year, making total (two years) records as follows:

Mr. J. E. Clenny, 22,158 miles, no upkeep expense.

Mr. J. Axelrod, 25,290 miles, $60 upkeep expense.

Third Year's Proof

The third contest, that of 1910, closed November 30, and established a record for ten cars of 165,901.9 miles traveled on $6.96 upkeep expense.

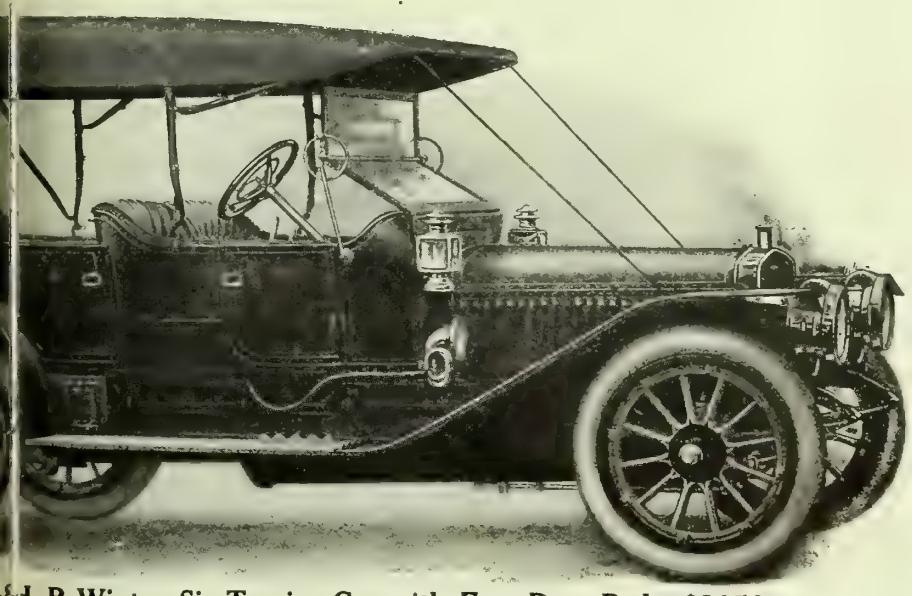
In this contest a prize was won by one car that had competed in both previous contests, making a total record for three years as follows:

J. E. Clenny, 41,173 miles, 30 cents upkeep expense.

And the grand average for this three year test of Winton Six cars, in a total distance of 350,092.3 miles, is **43 cents per 1000 miles.**

Proving That—

More cylinders, as embodied in the Winton Six, mean more mileage, and more enjoyment, and less trouble and less expense.



I. P. Winton Six Touring Car with *Four* Door Body, $3050

What These Upkeep Records Mean to You

These records were made in open competition.

All the reports are open for inspection at any time by any one interested.

The plan of Winton Six upkeep contests has been widely advertised for more than three years.

Because the cost of upkeep expense is knowledge of importance to every car buyer.

Only Maker to Offer Convincing Proof

And yet—

The Winton Company is the only automobile manufacturer the world over that has shown sufficient confidence in the serviceability of its cars to give to the public bona fide certified figures of the upkeep expense actually encountered by known owners for cars in individual service, month after month, year after year.

And it means just this:

That whatever virtue other cars may possess or lack, the Winton Six possesses the virtue of being able to render the highest grade of service, day after day, rolling up big mileage if the owner wants it, and

Being able to do this at so little expense for upkeep that repair bills wholly cease to be of any consequence.

What the Winton Six has done for these owners, it can do for you

Result Shows Car Merit

The record established by thirty cars in three years of work, covering a total distance greater than 14 times around the earth at the equator, is no accident.

It represents car merit, for no car, no matter how carefully petted and nursed, could do such work if the merit wasn't there when the car was designed and built.

Plan Encourages Your Chauffeur

If you employ a chauffeur, remember that our 1911 awards (first prize $1000, total $2500) will be a big inducement for him to keep your Winton Six always "on edge" and at the lowest possible cost of upkeep to you. Because the chauffeur who runs up big repair bills can't win any of these awards. The Winton Six contest answers the chauffeur question.

It will be worth a good deal to you, Mr. Owner, to have in your employ a chauffeur who wins one of these awards. For, in winning, he must render you the most satisfactory service.

But More Than That—

But whether you have a chauffeur or not, it will be worth even more to have in your service one of these Winton Six cars that have in them the merit that produces the world's lowest record for upkeep expense.

Get Our Upkeep Book

Our catalog gives abundant information about the Winton Six. With the catalog, we will send you our Upkeep Book, which presents in detail the facts and figures that put the world's upkeep record at 43 cents per 1000 miles. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

The Winton Motor Car. Co.

Licensed under Selden Patent

121 Berea Road, Cleveland, U. S. A.

NEW YORK	Broadway at 70th St.
CHICAGO	Michigan Avenue at 13th St.
BOSTON	Berkeley at Stanhope St.
PHILADELPHIA	246-248 No. Broad St.
BALTIMORE	209 North Liberty St.
PITTSBURG	Baum at Beatty St.
CLEVELAND	Huron Road at Euclid Ave.
DETROIT	998 Woodward Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS	16-22 Eighth St. N.
KANSAS CITY	3328-3330 Main St.
SAN FRANCISCO	300 Van Ness Ave.
SEATTLE	1000-1006 Pike St.

Our Own Branch Houses

Send Upkeep Book and catalog mentioned in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To The Winton Motor Car. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

An every-day blessing

TO get *all* the good of Campbell's Soups you ought to have them on the home table regularly every day in the year.

Don't treat them merely as an occasional luxury. And don't confine your choice to two or three "kinds." Take advantage of the whole wide range of

Campbell's SOUPS

Learn how meaty and substantial our thick soups are—such as the Ox Tail; the Mock Turtle and the Beef; how delicate our clear soups are; and how rich and tempting our purely vegetable kinds are—like the Celery, the Pea and the Tomato, for example.

You never grow tired of these wholesome satisfying soups. Their daily use is a daily enjoyment for the whole family. And you cannot obtain higher food-value for the price anywhere.

Why not get the full benefit of all this? And why not begin today?

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

On pippins and peaches
A kid in short breeches
Will never grow into a man.
No fruit on the tree
Is so tempting to me
As the soup in the red-and-white can.

The Fourth Estate of Investors—By Roger W. Babson

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK

Crédit Lyonnaise, Paris, the Mecca of the Greatest Saving Community in the World

CAPITAL, Fr. 250,000,000 SURPLUS, Fr. 100,000,000
DEPOSITS, Fr. 1,700,000,000 (Approximately)

This great popular bank has about forty local offices in Paris, and some two hundred in other cities throughout the world, thus giving its humblest depositors credit and protection wherever they may be. Moreover, this bank is not a Government Bank nor "Central Bank," enjoying any special privileges; but has built up its great clientèle by helping these small depositors slowly but surely to save money along the lines specified in this article. In addition to providing the safety deposit boxes herein mentioned, it takes care of depositors' baggage, boxes, parcels and all forms of property, and selects and recommends to them high-grade investment bonds.

I HAVE been asked by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to prepare a series of ten articles, one to appear every other week during the present winter. In this first article I wish to emphasize three fundamental principles which have served as the foundation for the building of America's greatest fortunes.

Before discussing these three fundamental principles, however, I wish to remind the readers of the four distinct forms of "investing" which exist in every community today. Whether the reader of this article is in a large city or in a small country town, he can find four classes of people.

To Which Class Do You Belong?

These four classes may be described as follows:

1. *Those who buy stocks on a margin today with the idea of selling them again within a few days at a profit.* Why these men buy and why they sell is beyond human knowledge. They know very little about the properties; they know practically nothing about the technical condition of the market, and they are absolutely void of any knowledge of fundamental conditions. So far as I am able to judge, they simply have a sort of mania for trading in stocks and consequently buy and sell practically with their eyes shut and depend solely upon chance. All of these men I class purely as gamblers, although they include a very large number of persons.

Sufficient is it to say that, in all my experience, I do not know of a single person who has ever followed this trading for any length of time and made money, though I can give the names of hundreds whom such a habit has ruined financially, physically and morally.

2. To go a step farther in the sifting, we come to *the men who buy stocks today with the idea of selling them a month or so hence.* These men are usually intelligent and men of means. They do not give much attention to the study of separate properties; but they do consider carefully the technical condition of the market and endeavor by a study of the transactions on the New York Stock Exchange, as shown by the tape each day, to ascertain what the "insiders" are trying to do and whether or not the market is oversold, or overbought, or *in statu quo.* Although these men often lose they nevertheless have a distinct advantage over the ordinary traders of the class mentioned above and technically cannot be called gamblers, but rather constitute a class of intelligent speculators. Although I would not recommend any one to attempt to join this class, as the risks are far too great, yet I believe these men perform a function in steadying conditions and are entitled to as much respect as the speculator in real estate or some commodity.

3. Another sifting brings us to the third grade—namely, *the men who buy outright high-grade securities, mainly for their interest yield, but also for a profit on their sale.* These are the men who went into the market in 1903, purchasing large quantities of securities, and who held these securities for about three years, when they sold at a very large profit. Upon liquidating in 1906, these men deposited a part of the money in banks, but reinvested most of it in commercial paper and in short-term notes maturing in one or two years. Then, in the winter of 1907–8, they repurchased outright, at an average decline in price of about forty per cent, the same high-grade securities which they sold in 1906. These securities they held through 1908–9 until the early part of 1910, when they again sold them at a huge profit and again reinvested the money in short-term notes and commercial paper; and they are now awaiting another period of low prices.

How $2500 Would Have Grown

As an illustration of how these men have safely acquired great fortunes it is only necessary to say that twenty-five hundred dollars, invested about forty-five years ago in the ten most conservative stocks of that day, such as Lackawanna, Illinois Central, New York Central, etc.—which, moreover, were then selling almost as high as in 1907—would now amount to over one million eight hundred thousand dollars if these stocks had been bought and sold in accordance with this plan. The investor could also have confined his investments strictly to these ten high-grade securities, without borrowing or buying on margin; and, moreover, he would have bought and sold only eight times, making a total of only sixteen transactions, with an average of about three years apart.

Moreover, if this illustration were based on highest and lowest prices, or if intermediate movements were considered, or if less conservative stocks were purchased, the result might be made much larger. Our

Strong, Healthy Men of Good Character
can secure the combined advantages of
A SOCIAL FRATERNITY
and LIFE INSURANCE
by membership in the

Royal Arcanum

Its members gain wider social intercourse, enlarged acquaintance and good fellowship in its councils, of which there are nearly 2000 in the United States and Canada.

Benefits of **$1000, $2000 or $3000** are payable to legally designated beneficiaries at a member's decease.

$136,800,000 has already been paid to such beneficiaries

The Assessment rates are low, and *in easy payments monthly.*

Any man who desires the advantages of a secret fraternal society, affording *quick help in accident or distress,* and *protection of his loved ones* in case of his death, can learn full particulars of the advantages and opportunities offered by the ROYAL ARCANUM by applying to any local council or by addressing

ALFRED T. TURNER, Supreme Secretary
Box E, Station A, Boston, Mass.

No applications for membership can be accepted from residents of Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, South Carolina, nor in certain specified districts in Alabama, Arkansas or Texas.

Pacific Northwest Securities

Our operations are confined to the purchase and sale of our own account of municipal and corporation bonds which originate in the Pacific Northwest.

We have at hand information concerning the Pacific Northwest, its history, resources, development and people which no other bond house, east or west, has or can obtain; information derived through years of residence in this community, daily contact with its people and intimate connection with their financial affairs.

This information is supplemented by the most searching investigation of each issue before purchase.

We court the fullest investigation of our securities and ourselves.

Write for Booklet "C" "Pacific Northwest Securities."

Jacob Furth J. E. Patrick John Davis
F. K. Struve *Monoger* V. D. Miller

DAVIS & STRUVE BOND CO., 709 Second Ave., Seattle

1898-1911

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SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots
Of Stock

We issue daily market letters for clients in and near New York; weekly letters for clients at a distance.

Send for Circular A—"ODD LOTS."

Members New York Stock Exchange
71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

BRIGHTEN UP *Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using* WASHBURNE'S PATENT PAPER FASTENERS.

75,000,000
SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.
Trade **O. K.** Mark

Made of brass, 3 sizes. In brass boxes of 100.
Handsome. Compact. Strong. No Slipping, NEVER!
All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50 assorted sizes. Illustrated booklet free.
The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y. No 1B

Real Estate Loans

On improved farms in Indiana, Ohio and Oklahoma, netting investor 5 per cent to 6 per cent. Safest form of investment; no fluctuations in value; securities personally inspected; no loan made to exceed 40 per cent of our valuation. Collections made without expense to investor. Long and successful experience. References furnished. Correspondence solicited.

Dickinson & Reed, Indianapolis, Ind.

Three Sizes to Meet the Demand

First get the small can to try. You're bound to like it and want the 8-ounce tin. After that, nothing will do but you must have the pound size—with humidor top. The more you smoke, the more you want. That's why we sell Velvet, "The Smoothest Tobacco," in three sizes.

Burley leaf—Burley de Luxe—from Kentucky—Best for your pipe under all conditions. Not a "bite"—not a burn—just a wonderfully appealing smooth smoke that you can't duplicate anywhere. And only 10c. to try. So reasonable.

Sold by all dealers. If yours should be out, send us the dime—if you live in the U. S. A.

SPAULDING & MERRICK
Chicago, Ill.

illustration eliminates all risk, chance and extraordinary conditions and only shows what any person in this third class with twenty-five hundred dollars, without any risk, can accumulate in a comparatively few years by simply studying fundamental conditions.

The men of this class comprise the successful and bona-fide investors of the world today and may be found in all the large centers of this country, as well as in London, Paris, Amsterdam, Frankfort and other cities. These are the men who buy outright the highest grade securities and who know when to buy and when to sell by a study of fundamental conditions. These men are the true investors and to this class all readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST should aspire some time to belong.

4. One, however, must walk before running and creep before walking; therefore there is a fourth class, *who likewise buy outright only high-grade securities, but who buy them simply for permanent investment.* These are the people who give no thought to the study of fundamental conditions and who are interested simply in obtaining as large an annual net income as possible and at the same time in protecting their principal. This class consumes the output of the large issues of inactive bonds that are continually being placed on the market. It is this class that the salesman of the modern bond house seeks to interest in his wares. It is this class that furnishes the great financial strength to the industries of our nation, carrying as they do the huge funded debt of our Government, our cities, our railroads and our industrial corporations.

Nevertheless this class cannot correctly be termed investors, unless the term is qualified by the word permanent. They are technically simply savers of money, keeping it in hand till their pocketbooks are full, then depositing it in a bank, and then buying securities with the surplus. Although we all should hope some day to be counted among the investors of the third class, mentioned above, yet we must first belong to this fourth class, as the saving of money and the acquiring of a small capital is the first requisite to success. Therefore it is for those who belong to this fourth class that this series of articles is being prepared.

Buy Only the Best Securities

The first principle which those who aspire to be investors should remember is that all purchases should be confined absolutely to safe investments. In a talk that I had the other day with a New York bank man, who is connected with one of the largest trust companies and is in a position to know the results attained on all classes of investments, he said that it was absolutely impossible for a permanent investor to obtain *with safety over a long period of years* more than five per cent interest. Of the different funds passing through his hands some were invested in speculative mining stocks paying from ten to twenty per cent a year; some were invested in industrial stocks paying from seven to twelve per cent a year; other funds were invested in bonds of new companies paying around six per cent a year, and still others were invested in seasoned bonds of established companies paying from four to five per cent a year. In fact, he stated that the final net income of all of these funds was practically the same—namely, about four and one-half per cent. *This is because the losses on the principal, in the cases of the funds invested in high-income-paying stocks, were sufficient to bring down the average income to the above-mentioned four and one-half per cent.* In other words, the losses on the principal seem to increase directly with the income, and it seems to be almost an impossibility to beat the law of averages when a number of securities are considered. The small investor, therefore, who can buy only a few securities and who cannot rely on this great law of averages, should eliminate all those stocks that pay large interest rates, all unseasoned securities; in fact, everything except the best.

The question as to whether it is advisable to buy listed or unlisted securities I will discuss in my next article; but I can here frankly state that the best investments for the small investors are straight municipal bonds of established cities and bonds or notes of our established railroads and public-service corporations. Remember that the best are none too good and that it is absolutely impossible for the permanent investor to obtain with perfect safety more

A McCASKEY SYSTEM

Should be in every retail store in the United States. It should be in each store where YOU purchase

This is The Register

A beautiful money-saving, time-saving bookless book-keeper, that takes up but little space. It is an ornament to any store and *cannot get out* of order. 70,000 wide-awake merchants in the United States and Canada are using it today. Our factory has been enlarged six times during the past seven years.

What It Does

This McCaskey Gravity Account Register is part of the famous McCaskey System of retail store accounting *without books*.

It does away with journal and ledger. It does away with all posting.

It lets the book-keeper become a salesman—a profit-maker instead of an expense.

It holds your customers' "good will," by keeping their accounts straight

It stops all the leaks that are wasting your profits.

It automatically limits credit, and flags you at every danger point.

Only One Writing **The McCASKEY SYSTEM** *Without Any Book-keeper*

A simple, sensible system that absolutely *prevents mistakes through carelessness*, forgetfulness, wrong charging or deliberate falsification. A customer-pleasing system which stops all disputes over bills, and is indisputable proof that goods were sold and delivered. **Loss Insurance** at small cost. A boy or girl can handle it.

It gives a fac-simile, itemized record of each sale—cash, charge, C. O. D. and goods sent on approval. The bill is made out in the presence of the customer. On charge slips it shows the total amount owed at the last purchase. *All this is done with one writing requiring no more time than is needed when an ordinary sales slip is made out.*

The McCaskey System is elastic. It is arranged for *your* business, whether large or small. The price varies in proportion. *We offer very easy terms.* It pays for itself by *earning* the payments before you remit them.

Consider our proposition to save you time, money and worry. Ask us today for a "show me" demonstration, and fill out the coupon below for the proof-book.

The Benefits to You—the Customer

The dealer's slips *must* agree with yours. You see the bill written—you can't be overcharged. You know each time you buy just what you owe to date. You can always feel safe when you buy from a merchant who uses the McCaskey System.

McCaskey Duplicating Sales Pad with Surety Non-Smut Paper

THE McCASKEY REGISTER CO.,
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Fill Out and Mail This Coupon NOW!

I want your free booklet, "Book-keeping Without Books" and testimonials of dealers in my line using the McCaskey System.

Name _____

Address _____

Business _____

I have _____ credit accounts

MAXINE ELLIOTT
OUR WHITE HOUSE QUEEN
POSTER CALENDAR-1911

"POSTER cranks" have a treat in store
At very great expense we have produced what experts are kind enough to describe as the handsomest poster calendar of the season. We call it the Maxine Elliott White House Queen Poster Calendar, and it is certainly the most beautiful and elaborate production thus far. Done in 16 colors (size 13x30 inches), three-quarter-length portrait of Maxine Elliott.

This art treasure is yours free on receipt of 10 cts., stamps or coin, to cover postage and packing.

There's no advertising upon the portrait, but we are hoping that the beauty of the poster will typify and bespeak for you something of the high quality, excellent workmanship, beautiful proportions and art finish of

WHITE HOUSE SHOES
For Men—For Women
Prices—$5, $4, $3.50 per pair

Tell your dealer you want to see these shoes. If he hasn't them, ask him to get them for you. Then if he won't do it, write us and we'll see that you're supplied. Besides the calendar we want to send you a little booklet about White House Shoes. Our Style Booklet also has a story of its own—free with the calendar.

We also manufacture the celebrated
BUSTER BROWN SHOES
For Boys—For Girls

Style B-17½ Men's "President White House," gun metal, Blucher, Washington Last.

The Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

POSTER COUPON
The Brown Shoe Co., Department Z, St. Louis, Mo
I enclose 10c for which please mail Maxine Elliott White House Queen Poster Calendar 1911
Name
Address
State

than four and one-half per cent—or, with a satisfactory degree of safety, more than five per cent—over a long period of time. However, these rates are in excess of what banks pay and therefore one should be content with such a yield.

The second principle, which the small investor should thoroughly believe, is that it is very unwise to buy on a margin or to borrow to make any purchases of securities. Of course it is very easy to select instances where men have made money by borrowing in order to buy more securities than they could pay for; but for every such instance that can be cited I can give ten instances where the purchaser would have been better off if he had not borrowed.

There are tricks in every trade and there is no easy way to beat a man at his own game. Therefore just remember, when urged to buy more than you can pay for, that probably some one is trying to unload. Moreover, the small investor ought always to remember that he should be simply a permanent investor and should not buy with the idea of selling at a profit, since it is only when one does try to buy for selling at a profit that one borrows in order to buy. If one is buying simply as a permanent investment and for the income to be derived therefrom, one need not borrow the money to take advantage of present offerings. I well remember talking with one of the keenest old-school bond men of this country, a partner in a Cincinnati municipal bond house. It was some time ago, in a year of crop failures, and I was speaking about the unfortunate state of affairs when he smiled and moved his hands in true German fashion, saying: "Dar ist ein crop dat neber gibs out—und dat ist de bond crop."

The young man with a clean character, good health and with no notes outstanding is in an impregnable position; but as soon as he begins to borrow, whether to carry on mercantile business or to build houses or to buy securities, his troubles begin and somebody has a "rope around his neck." Therefore I say that the second fundamental principle needed to create a fortune is to keep always the position of the creditor and to avoid as long as possible getting into the position of the borrower.

Buy Whenever You Have the Money

As stated above, the small investor should not buy more than his money will allow; but I now affirm that he should buy securities whenever he has any money with which to buy them. In other words, until the small investor has accumulated a sufficient amount of money and experience and is able to spend a reasonable amount of time and money in the study of fundamental statistics, it is unwise for him to give any attention to price movements. Many young men, inexperienced in investing money, follow the quotations until they see by the daily papers that a panic exists, that banks are closing, great corporations are failing and stocks are very low, believing that at such a time they will heavily invest. Others believe that it is a simple matter to buy securities today and hold them until the country is abounding in great prosperity, with tremendous crops, tremendous earnings and generally booming trade throughout the land, when they will sell these stocks.

Theoretically this is very good; but practically all small investors of the fourth class, who are waiting for this panic to come before purchasing, will be among the most panic-stricken when the time arrives, and will be unwilling to buy United States Government bonds at fifty cents on the dollar if they have the opportunity. Moreover, when the period of prosperity comes, during which time they expect to liquidate, they will then feel that there is a still greater period of prosperity coming and, instead of selling, they will probably buy more securities. In other words, it is almost impossible for any one who is not fortified by a personal knowledge of the exact fundamental conditions to take advantage of these great price movements. As to the reasons for this, one must apply to psychologists for an answer. Not only are the psychological laws against such uninformed men but all of our training and hereditary instincts cause us to follow instead of to lead. It is almost as difficult for the untrained man to buy stocks when every one else is selling as it was to be a Christian in the days of Nero. In all our habits we are almost forced to follow the customs of our fathers, grandfathers and

Just as good as the Hartford

PERSONS scattered all over the United States are asking their agents or brokers to get them policies in the **Hartford.** But some of them are being persuaded to accept policies in other companies because the agent or broker argues that the companies he wants to give them are "just as good as the **Hartford.**"

But are they just as good? Do you know about any of them as you know about the **Hartford?** The **Hartford** is today the best known fire insurance company in America. It is more than one hundred years old and in that time has promptly and fairly met every loss. It does the largest business of any company in America and at San Francisco paid the largest single loss in fire insurance history. When an agent or broker asks you to accept a policy in some company "just as good," remember these things about the **Hartford** and take no other company, however "good."

The penalty of a mistake in choosing a company falls on **you.** When you choose the **Hartford** you take no chances. Ask for the **Hartford** and accept no substitute. Any agent or broker can get it for you, so when your policy expires

INSIST ON THE HARTFORD
Agents Everywhere

One naturally follows the other

Look for this trade-mark and you can be sure of getting tires that cost least per mile of service.

Write for Price List

G & J TIRE COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, IND. BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES

SHAMPOOING is the final touch of cleanliness. No person can be considered absolutely clean until the scalp has also been cleansed. Systematic shampooing with

Packer's Tar Soap

leaves the scalp loose and relaxed—not tight and drawn. It frees the pores of all foreign matter and aids Nature to keep the hair thick and lustrous. Men shampoo at least once a week with Packer's Tar Soap.

Send for our booklet of practical information, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp." Mailed free on request.

Packer Mfg. Co., Suite 86-C, 81 Fulton St., New York

Tell Her-

to write at once for this book, "Filing and Finding Paper," because it will show you, no matter in what business you are, how to save valuable office time—how to use

Globe-Wernicke Filing Equipment

to file accurately and find quickly any document or paper used in your business—how to handle 100,000 letters a year with least time or trouble. It tells all you want to know about filing Equipment

Filing & Finding Papers

Write for it Now
The Globe-Wernicke Co.
Dept. D-810,
Cincinnati,
U.S.A.

other ancestors for scores of generations back. Therefore, whatever one's resolutions may be—unless fortified by a constant study of fundamental conditions—he will be found buying when every one else is buying—namely, at the very top; and selling when every one else is selling—namely, at the very bottom.

The only safe method for the small investor with two or three thousand dollars is to ignore price movements and simply invest in the outright purchase of some good, seasoned bond whenever he has idle money—and, if possible, at regular intervals. There is no use in trying to overcome in a few years a trait that has been inherited from twenty generations. Besides, those who invest in this way at regular intervals obtain their securities at fair average prices in the long run. Sometimes such persons buy securities when they are high and other times when they are cheap; but in the long run the investment averages up very well.

One other reason why I feel so strongly on this point is that in my large every-day correspondence with scores of these small uninformed investors I find that they are always equally divided as to whether prices are high or low—that is, when fundamental conditions show plainly that securities should be either bought or sold, the small investors are equally divided in their own minds—about one-half of them itching to buy something and the other half itching to sell something. In fact, if it were not for the ignorance of these small investors I sometimes wonder if—some days—there could be any transactions on the New York Stock Exchange.

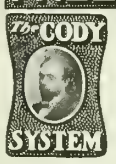
The French peasants best illustrate this fourth class and it is due to them that France is so very strong financially today. The French people do not trade in stocks as do the Americans and they very much dislike our gambling spirit. They are very thrifty; and—though they will not borrow to buy—they always buy a bond as soon as they save one hundred dollars.

I well remember an hour which I spent last spring in the safe-deposit vaults of the Crédit Lyonnaise in Paris, which is probably the largest of its class in the world. Having been invited by an important officer of the institution, I had an excellent opportunity of mingling with the people; and truly it was a most impressive sight. Once in a while some person of apparent wealth would come in, but most of them appeared to be in very humble circumstances. There were scores of men in their overalls and market-women with shawls tied about their heads. I found that even the street-sweepers had their boxes with one or more bonds. In one instance a man actually stood his broom up by the side of the table as he cut the coupons from some Russian bonds he owned.

This showed at a glance why France is able to absorb our surplus issues, provided they are absolutely good and the denomination is one hundred dollars, in order that they may invest as fast as they save the money. Bonds of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company are very attractive to the French peasants now that they may be bought over there in denominations of one hundred dollars; in fact, not only are the French ideal savers but they very closely follow the three rules suggested above—namely:

1. Buy only the best seasoned securities, preferably municipal and underlying corporation bonds.
2. Buy only outright and avoid all margin purchases.
3. Buy at regular intervals—whenever you have the money.

FREE—HOW A BOY'S LETTERS PULLED $400,000 IN ONE YEAR



LET me send you FREE booklet containing stories "How Boy's Letters Pulled $400,000 in One Year" and "How Girl Stenographer Learned to Manage $100,000-a-Year Business" with full information about my Salary-Raising Courses for Office Workers on Sales Letter Writing, Office Salesmanship, Advertising, How to Systematize an Office, etc. Sherwin Cody, 1420 Security Bldg., Chicago

Roosevelt's Own Book "African Game Trails"

"The Book of the Year." N. Y. Tribune.

Agents wanted in every community to sell the sole account of Theodore Roosevelt's adventures, by his own hand. Strongest co-operation; large commission; monopoly of territory. For prospectus, write Charles Scribner's Sons, 151 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

The Workshop of Texas

Where Seventeen Railroads Meet the Sea

The Manufacturer of the North and East with limited capital, who for self-preservation is forced to lose his identity by selling his product to his big competitors at a ruinous margin of profit, can come to Houston and soon become a power in his line.

The Reasons Are Self-Evident

Houston, the heart and supply depot of the Gulf Coast Country,—where the demand is far in excess of the supply,—has raw material, in wide variety, close at hand. Cheap fuel is inexhaustible, and labor conditions ideal.

Shipping Conditions Are Unequalled

Seventeen railroads converging from all points of the compass meet at Houston, whose location on the great deep sea SHIP CHANNEL affords lowest possible transportation rates to all points of the world.

Every manufacturer who has in his veins the fire of ambition to become a leader in his line, and who is looking for a field where every natural advantage works to his interest, and where opportunities to develop are practically unlimited, should immediately investigate the possibilities Houston has to offer.

HOUSTON—the Cotton, Lumber, Oil, Rice, Sugar, Financial and Industrial Center of the Southwest, Will Encourage and Support:

A Wagon Factory
Gin Machinery Factory
Flour Mill
Woodenware Factory
Vinegar and Pickle Plant
Wholesale Shoe House
Shoe Factory
Tile Factory
Cotton Mills
Glass Factory
Wholesale Millinery
Wholesale Woodenware
Modern Department Store
Another Packing Plant
Soap Factory
Another Furniture Factory
Car Factory

"Ask the Man From Texas"

The country surrounding Houston is rapidly forging to the front in truck-growing, orange and fig raising, and this section will eventually eclipse any other in the United States in the growing of these valuable crops. Besides, Houston is 2,000 miles nearer to the great Central and Eastern markets than the orange raising lands of the West.

Our congenial climate has a value in dollars and cents. It means economy of construction, we build more cheaply. It means economy of consumption, we consume less fuel.

Our "Positive Proofs" is for the investor. State positively what you are interested in, and the necessary booklet will be mailed you free.

Address

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Houston, Texas

The Best Way to go is Via the Katy

Houston is best reached through St. Louis or Kansas City via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway.

From both points there are two splendid fast **Katy** trains—**"The Katy Flyer"** and **"The Katy Limited,"** with through sleeping cars and chair cars to Houston. **"Katy** all-the-way."

For cost of tickets, schedules and any information regarding the trip to Houston write,

W. S. ST. GEORGE, General Pass. Agent, M. K. & T. Ry.
143 Wainwright Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush

All Dealers

IT'S THE **FLAT-ENDED TEETH**

with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. Mailed, 50 cents.

Mailed for price, 10c.

Baby's Teeth

cut without irritation. The flat-ended teeth expand the gums, keeping them soft; the ring comforts and amuses the child, preventing convulsions and cholera infantum.

Bailey's Rubber Sewing Finger

Made to prevent pricking and disfiguring the forefinger in sewing or embroidery. Three sizes—small, medium and large.

Mailed, 6c. each.

Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1, 25c.; No. 2, 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.

Bailey's Won't-Slip Crutch Tip

This tip won't slip on any surface. Made in five sizes, internal diameter. No. 17, $\frac{5}{8}$ in.; No. 18, $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; No. 19, $\frac{7}{8}$ in.; No. 20, 1 in.; No. 21, $1\frac{1}{8}$ in. Mailed upon receipt of price,

30 cents per pair.

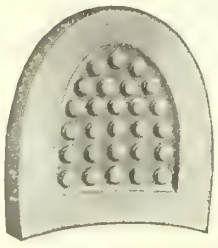
100 page Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods, Free.

The Scientific Construction OF

Bailey's "Won't-Slip" Rubber Heels

Tread Surface

has **proved** far **superior** to a **solid** piece of rubber nailed to the heel of the boot. The **tread** surface is **positively non-slipping** and more durable than if solid. The studs next to the heel of the boot give a permanent **double cushion** which makes them the **most resilient, lightest** and **longest wearing** rubber heel made. **Brains** were used in making them. They will save **yours** by wearing them. **All dealers. Applied 50c per Pair.** ***By mail 35c.*** (Dealers write for prices.)



Heel Surface

Send a correct outline drawing of the bottom of the heel of your boot.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., Mfrs., 22 Boylston Street BOSTON, MASS.

COAXING WOMEN TO BUY

(Concluded from Page 5)

Naturally the spring opening demands the most flowery treatment of the entire year's advertising; and, in order to give a good news interest, it is always considered necessary to trace the inspiration of the gowns to some direct source. For instance, one year all the gowns seemed to show a strong Marie Antoinette influence—and we talked "Nattier," "Watteau" and "Le Petit Trianon." Another season there was a very strong impulse toward medieval tunics—and we played the changes on the times of William the Conqueror and fair Rosamond and Ronsard. We harped upon the Parisian play, to the vogue of which we ascribed the introduction of the style; and we made every effort to rouse public curiosity. Very often, too, we showed the gowns themselves in their proper historical or local setting—as, for instance, when we displayed Marie Antoinette gowns on ladies with powdered hair, who carried immense shepherdess crooks and walked up and down a platform to the music of spinet and viol, played by musicians in Louis XVI velvet coats.

This season the woman who was to write the opening decided that the gowns had been inspired by Japanese costumes. Cranes, dragons, a quotation from "Madame Chrysanthème," a few "honorables"—it opened up marvelous decorative and literary schemes for the advertisement. So she proceeded on these lines. Unfortunately, however, she had not confided to the buyer of the gowns her proposed method of exploitation. When the proof of the advertisement came to him he was furious.

"Not a Japanese gown in the place," he raged. "These gowns have all been copied from the peasant costumes of Europe."

But the advertisement writer could not relinquish her beloved Nipponese references—and thereupon began one of the most noted wars of the store. The buyer refused to O. K. the advertisement. The advertisement writer refused to write another kind of advertisement. Ponderous costume books were consulted. The whole advertising force was rallied to the support of the Japanese theory. The whole army of buyers hissed: "Peasant!"

"If the lady wants to write fiction, well and good," remarked the buyer sarcastically; "but I'm not the book department and I want an advertisement of my merchandise." And the buyer won his point.

Another episode centered about an old white-haired woman whom I used to call "the marquise." She was the widow of a rich diplomat who had lost his money; and, rather than be supported by wealthy relatives, she had come to the store when she was a woman of nearly sixty. Here she had been placed among the finer sort of Japanese goods, and I shall never forget her as she stood there among the hand-carved bronzes—a highbred old lady, with a complexion like an eggshell and an erect figure that was made to sweep through salons. It was as though she had been carried out on this rude sea of merchandise by some gilt-and-brocade chair and that her frail craft was the only reminder of that land from which she had been transported.

With the salespeople she was uniformly courteous—even gentle. It was only the customers whom she challenged. One day a very pink and fat woman steamed up to the bronzes and in a raucous voice inquired: "How much is that?"

It was one of the most beautiful jardinières and as the woman made the inquiry "the marquise" laid a thin, blue-veined hand on the twisted, bending lotus flower of bronze. "Five hundred dollars," she replied very calmly.

"H'm!" snorted the customer. "I saw one nearly like it at Sandel's for one hundred dollars." And she passed indignantly onward.

As a matter of fact this particular jardinière was only ninety-five dollars and one of the other saleswomen remonstrated with "the marquise" after the customer was out of hearing.

"Why, Mrs. J——," she asked in consternation, "what did you mean by saying that?"

"*Ma foi!*" replied "the marquise," with dignity. "I couldn't let that woman have it. She would have put it next a cheap gilt sofa. Some one who appreciates it must have my beautiful bronze."

THE KNAPP MAN

Is on His Way to *You*

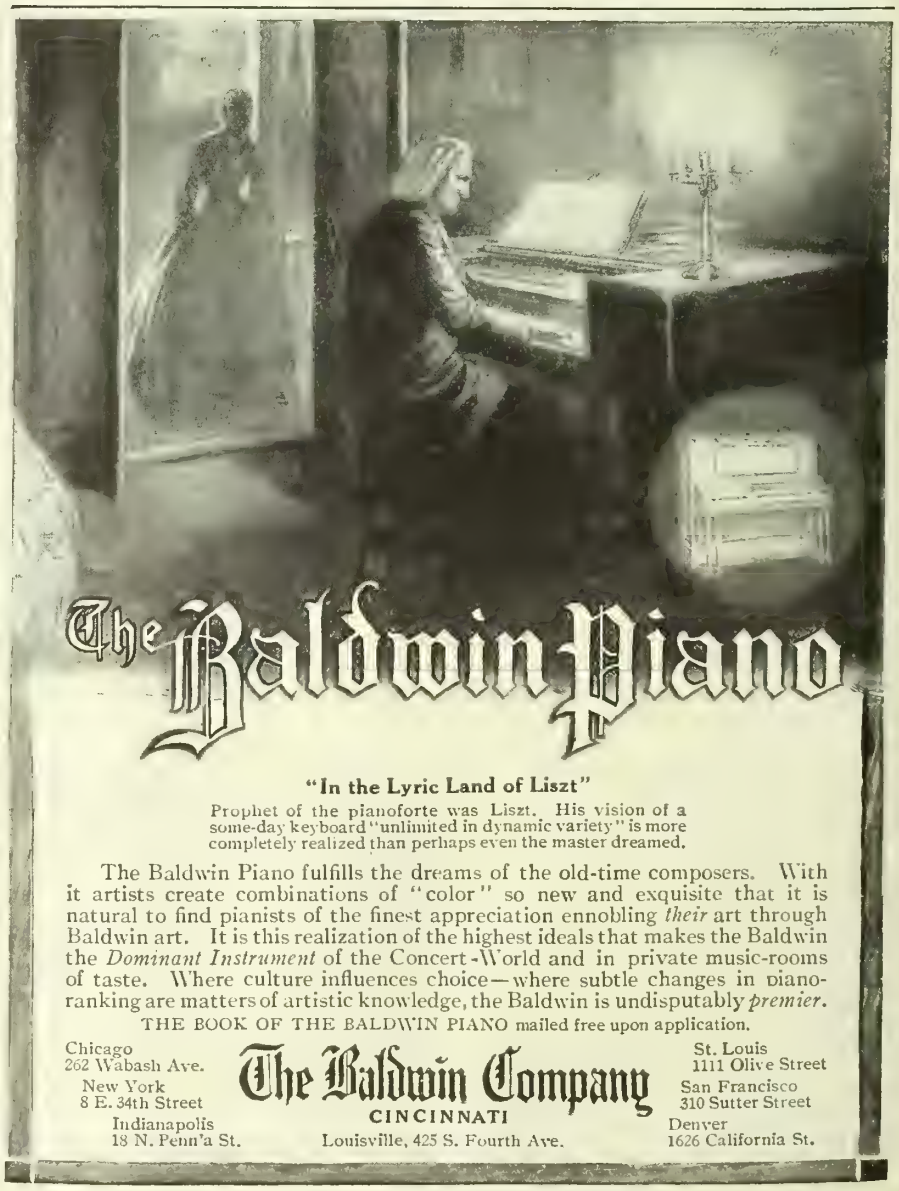
Please remember when he calls that he was selected for his ability and training in solving advertising problems. He will tell you all about The Knapp Line. We have paved the way for him with six advertisements in these columns—you remember them.

The Knapp Line is "*The Line of Progress*" and its business is to help your business—by means of Calendars of the finest art merit and practical value; Blotters and Mailing Cards, and the forceful, helpful kind of Advertising Service that scientifically spends the dime to bring back the dollar.

And so we believe each Knapp Man to be as truly *your* man as ours. In this way we introduce to you the Knapp Staff—each man with a mind full of business-making ideas for you; every one ready to fight to put you on the front line. When the Knapp Man comes, give him courteous consideration. Do not order your calendars until you see him.

WRITE TO US FOR FULL PARTICULARS

THE KNAPP COMPANY

FOURTH AVENUE AT NINETEENTH STREET, NEW YORK

"In the Lyric Land of Liszt"

Prophet of the pianoforte was Liszt. His vision of a some-day keyboard "unlimited in dynamic variety" is more completely realized than perhaps even the master dreamed.

The Baldwin Piano fulfills the dreams of the old-time composers. With it artists create combinations of "color" so new and exquisite that it is natural to find pianists of the finest appreciation ennobling *their* art through Baldwin art. It is this realization of the highest ideals that makes the Baldwin the *Dominant Instrument* of the Concert-World and in private music-rooms of taste. Where culture influences choice—where subtle changes in piano-ranking are matters of artistic knowledge, the Baldwin is undisputably *premier*.

THE BOOK OF THE BALDWIN PIANO mailed free upon application.

Chicago 262 Wabash Ave.
New York 8 E. 34th Street
Indianapolis 18 N. Penn'a St.

The Baldwin Company
CINCINNATI
Louisville, 425 S. Fourth Ave.

St. Louis 1111 Olive Street
San Francisco 310 Sutter Street
Denver 1626 California St.

ENLIST! ENLIST!

—as a Local Agent for the Fast-Working, Fast-Selling

Oliver Typewriter

The battle lines of the Oliver Typewriter forces are forming for another campaign of conquest. The triumphs of 1910, the most brilliant ever achieved by a great sales organization, have served to inspire to more mighty deeds in the coming year.

The roll call of the Oliver Sales Organization shows over 15,000 men ***under arms***—the most magnificent body of trained salesmen in the world. This Sales Force, great as it is, cannot cope with the tremendous increase in business which the popularity of the Oliver Typewriter has created.

This advertisement is a ***call for reinforcements***—to enable the Oliver Sales Force to extend its skirmish lines to all sections of the country. We are going to enlist a force of agents of sufficient numerical strength to ***cover the continent.***

Resident Agents Wanted in Every Town and Village

This means that in every town, every village, every hamlet—***every postoffice point***—there must be an active Resident Agent of the Oliver Typewriter—the fastest-selling typewriter ever known. Not content with the overwhelming success of the Oliver Typewriter in the larger cities, we are reaching out to the ninety thousand towns and villages throughout the country. Wherever business is transacted, whether in the great centers of commerce or in the smallest trading points, this marvelous machine finds ready sale and a man can make money as its agent.

Highly Profitable Work in Spare Time

The central idea of our selling system is to have—everywhere—a vigilant agent of the Oliver Typewriter constantly ***on the ground.*** Whether that agent devotes ***part*** or ***all*** of his time to the Oliver, is left to his own discretion. If profitably employed at present, the Oliver Agency will increase your income. You can use the sample machine ***in your own business*** and thus make it pay for itself.

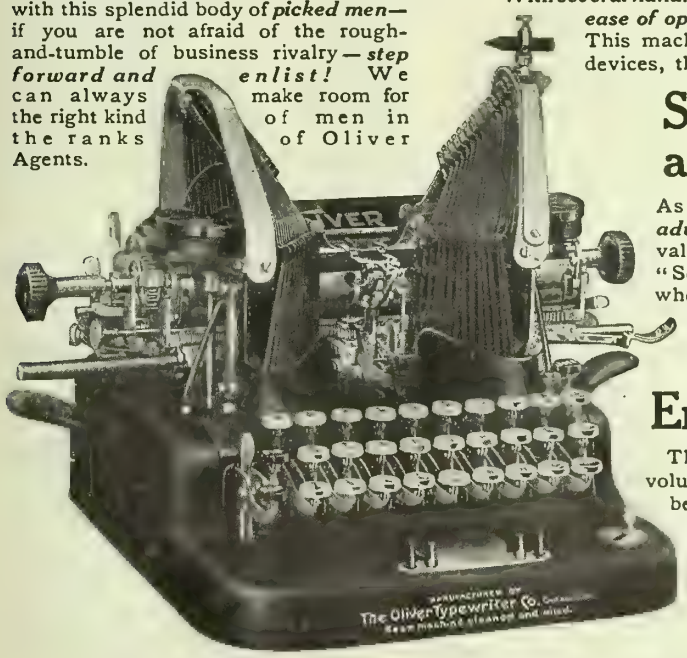
The fact that you own and operate the Oliver Typewriter will enable you to interest others without neglecting your regular work. As a matter of course, the more time you devote to the Oliver Agency the greater will be your profits. You get the profit on every sale in your territory during the life of your arrangement, even when our experts help.

Selling Experience Not Essential

Every Local Agent for the Oliver Typewriter receives a Free Scholarship in the Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship.

This obviates the necessity for previous selling experience. Teachers, tradesmen, doctors, ministers, lawyers, stenographers, telegraph operators, printers, mechanics; men and women in a multitude of different occupations, have become successful agents. If you have the ***will*** to take up this work, ***we will point out the way.***

Successful applicants for positions as Local Agents for the Oliver Typewriter are in the direct line of promotion to the best paying positions in our great Sales Organization. If you have the necessary qualifications and wish to ally yourself with this splendid body of ***picked men***—if you are not afraid of the rough-and-tumble of business rivalry—***step forward and enlist!*** We can always make room for the right kind of men in the ranks of Oliver Agents.



The Oliver Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

The Oliver Typewriter has been breaking records since the day it was placed on the market. ***Efficiency*** records, ***speed*** records, ***endurance*** records—it has won them in quick succession. It sets the swiftest pace in sales by giving unparalleled ***service.*** It is absolutely unique in design—the only $100 typewriter in the world that prints with the ***downward stroke.*** Its U-shaped Type Bar, which makes this possible, is covered by Basic Patent. ***What the Selden Patent is to automobiles, this patent is to typewriters, only we do not license its use by other typewriter manufacturers.***

With ***several hundred less parts*** than other ***standard*** typewriters, its ***simplicity, strength, ease of operation, versatility*** and ***convenience*** are correspondingly ***increased.*** This machine, with all of its advantages, all of its time and labor saving devices, the Local Agent can buy—***and sell***—for Seventeen-Cents-a-Day.

Seventeen-Cents-a-Day Plan a Powerful Stimulus to Sales

As a Local Agent for the Oliver Typewriter you have this ***double advantage:*** You not only offer your customers the greatest typewriter value on the market—but are able to sell on the tempting terms of "Seventeen-Cents-a-Day!" The Typewriter world was ***thunderstruck*** when this plan was first announced. The Oliver Typewriter No. 5—the newest model—the regular $100 machine, equipped with a brilliant array of new devices and conveniences, actually offered for ***pennies!*** The effect of this plan has been to vastly ***widen the market.***

Enroll Your Name on the Coupon

The sales have grown by leaps and bounds, reaching enormous volume. The demands for ***demonstrations*** come faster than they can be handled. That's why we are seeking ***recruits*** to swell the ranks of our Sales Force. We must have more men ***on the firing line,*** to carry on this great work. We want men who have ambition, energy, enthusiasm, to carry the Oliver flag, fight for new records, and reap the rewards of success. (68)

ADDRESS AGENCY DEPARTMENT

The Oliver Typewriter Company, 211 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

Read Our Book "THE RISE OF THE LOCAL AGENT" —Enlist in the Oliver Service!

This book unrolls the life stories of men who rose from the Local Agency ranks to positions of great importance in the Oliver Organization.

One man who began as Local Agent for the Oliver Typewriter is today the Typewriter King of Mexico. He controls the sale of the Oliver in that country and leads a great army of agents. The Mexican Government reports show that more Oliver Typewriters are imported into Mexico than all other typewriters combined.

Stories like these, in this wonderful book—***simple recitals of fact***—will open your eyes to the big opportunities presented to Local Agents. We will send ***"The Rise of the Local Agent,"*** and will promptly communicate with those who are sincerely interested.

Even if there is an agent in your town now, it will do no harm to put your name on the waiting list.

Send the coupon or a personal letter and enlist under the banner of the Oliver ***now*** while the ***Call for Volunteers*** is ringing in your ears.

Book and Information COUPON

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
211 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send book, "THE RISE OF THE LOCAL AGENT," and details of your AGENCY PLAN.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

The Pacific Northwest is *the* Land *of* Opportunity

THE mighty **Columbia River** drains a fertile area that is larger than the German Empire. To the young man with a few hundred dollars saved, this section of the United States offers almost **unlimited opportunity** for the making of fortunes. The wealth is here. It is natural wealth. Ten acres devoted to orcharding or small fruit growing or poultry raising or gardening will make you **independent** in a few years if you are in **earnest** and **industrious.** Then, too, there are unlimited **opportunities** for the dairyman — the stock raiser — the lumberman — the wheat grower. The fishing industry is making fortunes.

THE great valley is rich beyond imagination. It offers absolute **independence** to millions who will come here and make their **home** and develop the land. Your **home** life will be a contented one. Your neighbors will be people whom you will like — progressive and thrifty. The climate is **ideal.** No severe cold in the winter, and no excessive heat in the summer. There are plenty of markets for anything you may raise on your land, and at **top prices.**

YOU who have a little money saved and who are interested in making most of **your opportunities** — send for **information.** The **Portland Commercial Club** is composed of 1,500 **Portland** Business men. The Club owns its own eight-story building right in the heart of this beautiful, healthful, wealthy and busy city of **Portland.** The smaller cities and towns in **The Pacific Northwest** have their Commercial Clubs or Development Associations. There are 148 of these organizations, comprising the **Oregon Development League** and the **Southwest Washington Development Association** which are in daily communication with the **Portland Commercial Club.** They tell the **Portland** Club of every advantage their section offers. The **Portland** Club acts as a clearing house and tells inquirers in the east about the different sections and what they offer. The information you will receive will be authentic, exact and reliable. Address

Inquiry Secretary

Portland Commercial Club

Portland, Oregon

New English Cloth Alpine

$2.00 Prepaid

Thousands of New York and Philadelphia men are paying $3.00 and more for the **imported** English Cloth Alpine—an exclusive hat at an exclusive price. **You can get exactly the same style hat from us for $2.00**—American made—finest English cloths—silk lined—crown and brim heavy silk stitched. Band and bow same of this hat. Black and Gray striped; Light Gray striped; medium Brown homespun. Price $2.00; **express prepaid** — and your money back if you don't like the hat. Send for Style Book of Hats and Caps: — **Free.**

FRENCH POCKET HAT CO.
38 South 8th Street, Philadelphia

ALTHOUSE'S Select Foreign Tours

High Grade and Inclusive Tours to the **Mediterranean** including the **Orient.** Also Tours to **Northern Europe** with **British Isles** and **Scandinavia.** "Around the World." Strictly First Class. Comprehensive Itineraries. Exclusive Features. **716 Chestnut St., Philadelphia**

The Senator's Secretary

THESE are the haly-con days, as Ike Hill used to say, and all brethren in the Republican party are dwelling together in peace and amity—they claim.

President Taft has actually appointed a man to a Federal office in Wisconsin on the recommendation of Senator La Follette. What do you think of that? Yes—sir-ee! Mr. La Follette, as senator, indorsed a man and Mr. Taft, as President, appointed him; and the papers all had nice little pieces about it, marveling thereby and thereto—it, of course, being strange and remarkable in our scheme of politics to have a Republican President pay attention to the recommendations of a Republican senator.

Moreover, Senator Aldrich has had a pleasant little colloquy with Senator Beveridge concerning Senator Beveridge's tariff-commission idea—which Senator Aldrich has held in a pigeonhole for three years—and has promised to be good and take up the matter; and Senator Cummins and Senator Bristow are almost as regular at the White House as Senator Jonathan Bourne used to be; and Senator Hale hasn't baited an Insurgent for days and days; and there is no disposition to rub it in on Uncle Joe Cannon over on the other side. All is peace and quietness in our fair city.

You see, those old-time leaders in the Senate are on the anxious seat. They observe their Republican majority shrinking. Several things may happen within the next few months that will superinduce even more Democratic senators than are at present apparent on the horizon. These are parlous times. "And after all, you know, we are all Republicans together," as they say. "We may have our differences of opinion, but common disaster has given us a common cause. It is the inalienable right of every American citizen to think as he pleases. Still, basically we are all members of the Grand Old Party; so let us rally, boys, rally. Let us be friends. Why should we quarrel? Undoubtedly you, as Insurgents, have had some right on your side. Let us get together and thresh out our differences and be friends and unite."

What a Difference Since Election

Well, it's fine! Old Doctor Gallinger has been seen to smile at Bristow and Henry Cabot Lodge hasn't sneered a sneer for weeks and weeks. Moreover, the President is keeping open house for Insurgents. He had a big new doormat fixed up with a "Welcome" on it large enough to be seen for half a square. Any Insurgent can get in now, even ahead of a regular; and they are literally heaping post-offices and other Federal patronage on the Progressives. "Won't you have a few more appointments, Mr. Insurgent? Isn't there something we can give you in the way of patronage for your district or your state? Have you any ideas about any foreign appointments you would like to have for some of your constituents? Here is a choice little bunch of post-offices that has been held up for a few months, waiting, you know, until there was an opportunity for a full and free discussion with you. Take what you want; and if you don't see what you want ask for it. We strive to please."

It certainly is strange what a difference an election can make!

After holding his town meetings for the discussion of the appointments to the United States Supreme Court, President Taft came through with colors flying, albeit the town meetings did not have much to do with the higher appointments; although those for the lower courts probably were more intimately concerned in the discussions. All opinions seem to agree that the President made excellent appointments for most of the places, and there hasn't been a dissenting voice about the appointment of Mr. JusticeWhite as the Chief Justice of the United States.

There are a few people who know just what happened to Mr. Justice Hughes in this regard, but most of those will not tell. A very wise senator said on the day Mr. White was appointed that his appointment had been decided upon three weeks previously—and maybe it had. Still, there was no evidence to that effect. Another very wise senator said the appointment of

Custom fit and comfort in

Emery

Guaranteed Shirts $1.50 up

It's important to you to LOOK for *Emery* when you buy shirts! The *Emery* label stands for custom satisfaction in shirts ready to wear:

GUARANTEED fit, color and wear.

No other readymade shirt is offered to you so guaranteed. None can be, until as perfectly made as the *Emery.*

Only color-tested fabrics are used for *Emery* shirts. Neckbands are pre-shrunk. Measurements are true to markings and never vary. Sleeves are made different lengths; to fit all men. Bodies are generously cut, assuring comfort. *Emery* workmanship won't warp in the tub.

Every detail of *Emery* shirtmaking is checked up and proved right by an individual system, developed in our 30 years' experience.

If your dealer can't supply you, write for name of the EMERY *dealer in your city.*

Walter M. Steppacher & Bro., Makers, The *Emery* Shirt, Philadelphia
Sales-offices also in New York, Chicago and St. Louis.

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

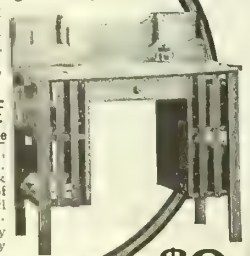
LOOK *for Name* PARIS *on every Garter*

A. STEIN & Co. *Makers* CHICAGO

SECTIONAL "COME-PACKT" FURNITURE

Two Big Books Free

Send for our big Catalogue and new Supplement of Sectional Mission and Bungalow Furniture, and **Save Over Half** on Quarter Sawn White Oak (eight finishes), from Factory to You. This $19.50 Desk Table for $9 is one of 200 bargains, all guaranteed absolutely—money back any time.



$9

Come-Packt Furniture Co., 114 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Free 1911 Catalog

WRITE FOR IT

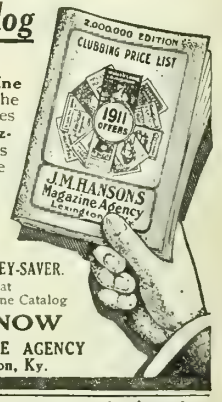
J. M. Hanson's Magazine Agency, the largest in the world, furnishes Magazines or Newspapers, at **Amazingly Low Prices,** and gives quick, accurate, reliable service.

Save Magazine Money

Our 1911 **Catalog** lists more than **3000 Periodicals** and **Club Offers.** It's a **BIG MONEY-SAVER.**

GET FREE this great Magazine Catalog
Send Us Your Name and Address **NOW**

J. M. HANSON'S MAGAZINE AGENCY
200 Hanson Block, Lexington, Ky.



YALE 1911

Offers you exclusive features in its long stroke motor, new positive grip control (patented), and offset cylinder.

1911 4 H.P. YALE $200
With Bosch Magneto $235
1911 7 H.P. YALE TWIN $300

YALE production will always be limited because of the high standard maintained. The most exacting shop practice and inspection system known necessarily regulate our output. So place your orders early.

Ask today for the 1911 Yale literature.

The Consolidated Mfg. Co., 1702 Fernwood Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

I TEACH *Penmanship* BY MAIL

I won the **World's First Prize** for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance you can become an expert penman. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges at high salaries. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you **Free** one of my **Favorite Pens** and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.

C. W. Ransom, 728 Reliance Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Fine Rugs woven from **Old Carpet**

DENWORTH RUG MILL 3045-47-49-51 Boudinot St., Phila. || SEND FOR CATALOGUE

PLAYS Large List. Vaudeville Sketches, Dialogs, Monologs, Hand Books, Drills, Operettas, etc. Catalogue free. **T. S. DENISON & COMPANY,** Dept. 20, Chicago, Illinois.

MOTHERS' MEETING today!

Subject: Small Boys' Clothes.

So hard to find in reliable quality, in anything out of the ordinary style.

We make boys' clothes of precisely the standard and quality that have made our national reputation as men's clothiers.

Make them always remembering that boys soon grow up to wear men's clothes.

At our three retail stores in New York; and from some of the clothiers who sell our men's clothes in other cities and who have a demand for the best in boys' clothes.

Rogers Peet & Company

New York City

258 Broadway at Warren St. | 842 Broadway at 13th St. | 1302 Broadway at 34th St.

Dioxogen

Accidents *will* happen and wherever there is a cut, a wound, or *any* break in the skin there is the danger of infection. Dioxogen *prevents* infection; keep it always on hand as a measure of protection; it is harmless, safe, reliable. A 2 oz. trial bottle will be sent *free upon request*, with directions for many important emergency and toilet uses. Write now.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.
100 Front St., New York.

SALESMEN: OUR SIDE LINE MEN CLEAR extra money each day while waiting for trains. A thoroughly high grade, dignified proposition that any salesman can easily place with retailers in any line. Special commission on repeat business.
M. H. MATHEWS, Department 18, Dayton, Ohio

An Old Violin WANTED. Must be absolutely over 100 years old. Send history and minute description of instrument with photo of back and front if possible; state condition, price, etc. N. Le Large, 150 Bay St., Jersey City, N. J.

Mr. White was not determined upon until the Thursday before it was made, and up to that time Mr. Hughes was the President's selection for the place.

One of these senators may know more than the other, or both may know more than they tell; but that is neither here nor there. The fact is that, after President Taft had determined to appoint Mr. Hughes to the Chief Justiceship, he changed his mind and appointed Mr. White. It is reported that the argument used against Mr. Hughes was that he is totally unversed in the procedure of the bench, has had no judicial experience, and might be inclined to be rather dictatorial and arbitrary as Chief Justice until permeated to some extent with the traditions, theory and practices of the court. There was none to deny the ability of Mr. Hughes, but there were many who argued for the superior attainments—peculiar attainments, in fact—of Mr. White for the place—and Mr. White got it; whereby Mr. Taft reaped many flattering press notices from all parts of the country—and deserved them too.

The original plan was to have a man from the West for one of the vacant associate justiceships, and a man from the South. Mr. Lamar, who was appointed, used to be in company with Mr. Taft a good deal when Mr. Taft was at Augusta, Georgia, in the time between his election and inauguration. He is a fine golf player. Mr. Taft grew to know Mr. Lamar that way. And what he found out about him didn't hurt him any. Nor, it may be remarked in passing, did it hurt the chances of Mr. Van Devanter any because he comes from the state of Wyoming. Senator Warren, from that state, is chairman of the great Military Affairs Committee, and Senator Clark, from that state, is chairman of the great Judiciary Committee. Both were behind Van Devanter. Mr. Taft knows the power of Senate chairmen.

What the Democrats are Doing

The Democratic revolt against the adoption of the old rules, giving the Speaker the right to name the committees, and thus in a measure control the legislation in the House, started in Virginia, and there is an interesting story of its origin.

At the Democratic national convention in Denver, in 1908, Governor Swanson, of Virginia, now a senator from that state, was on the Committee on Resolutions, having been substituted for the late senator from Virginia, John W. Daniel. Swanson wrote, it is claimed, and had inserted in the platform the plank that expressed surprise that the House of Representatives had ceased to become a deliberative body, and called for a change in these ringing words: "We demand that the House of Representatives shall again become a deliberative body, controlled by a majority of the people's representatives and not by the Speaker; and we pledge ourselves to adopt such rules and regulations to govern the House of Representatives as will enable a majority of its members to direct its deliberations and control legislation."

This thought is swathed in much more language than that, as all thoughts are that occur in political platforms; and, as will be seen, there is no direct demand for a committee on committees. Inferentially there is, of course. Now the Democrats did not happen to win a majority of the House of Representatives in 1908, but they did win a majority of them in 1910; and, inasmuch as a Virginian put this plank in the platform, or inasmuch as his friends claim he did, the Virginians in Congress are out hot-foot for it—that is, the Virginia Democrats.

The Virginia Democrats were very busy and gained a considerable amount of support, so much, in fact, that Champ Clark was forced to declare himself publicly much earlier than was expected. It had been thought Champ could continue his massive silence on the question of a committee on committees and other subjects until the big caucus, but the demands that he come to the center were too pressing. They smoked Champ out. Thus, shortly before the Christmas holidays, Champ made a statement in which he told about the kind of a tariff bill the Democrats have in mind and said: "As to the mode of selecting committees, in the event of my own selection as Speaker, I would not care a snap of my finger to exercise the power of appointing them." And he went on to say that his record on that point is clear and that if the majority of Democrats want the committees appointed that way, all well and

Sssh—! Don't Tell Her!

Give Her Double Surprise

Who can deny the immense business value to man, and the great social value to woman, of a clear, clean, wholesome skin? Yet in these days of dust, smoke, and soot, what a fight for men to look really "clean cut," and for women to appear "deliciously clean"!

You want your wife to look her best, always. She wants you to look your best, too. Now here is a simple way to give her a double surprise in regard to both your and her appearance.

First Surprise—Your Looks

Don't say anything to her. Just get a jar of Pompeian Massage Cream from your dealer, or send coupon below to us for trial jar. Give yourself a Pompeian Massage. It takes only a few moments. No hot towels necessary. Just apply Pompeian to the moistened face; rub the Pompeian well into the pores. The cream disappears, but in a few moments out it comes from the pores. Watch the dark, dirt-ladened cream as it rolls out and drops into the bowl! That dirt came from your pores, even though you may have previously washed your face apparently very thoroughly. That dirt which soap couldn't reach was reached by

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

(Sold by all Dealers)

Now look in the mirror. That sallow, 20th Century complexion has begun to disappear. Moreover, you realize a new degree of cleanliness, that luxurious sense of being "Pompeian clean." Your wife will surely express her delight over your improved appearance.

Second Surprise—Her Looks

But your greatest enjoyment will come when she begins to use Pompeian. The massaging will bring a natural freshness to her cheeks that will marvelously soften the tired lines of worry. Then, too, Pompeian will overcome for her the havoc which dust, smoke and soot have worked upon her complexion. Resolve this minute to give yourself and your wife this double surprise. *"Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."* Get a jar of Pompeian today from your dealer, or if you wish to try before you buy just clip coupon below.

Trial Jar and Art Calendar

both sent for 10c (stamps or coin) for postage and packing. For years you have heard of Pompeian's merits and benefits. To get you to act now we will send a beautiful "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendar with each trial jar. This is a rare offer. This "Pompeian Beauty" shown here was originally our 1910 calendar subject, but the demand for it has been so phenomenal and persistent that we were forced to use the same subject for 1911. Nearly a half million people have written to the makers of Pompeian for this exquisite study in lavender-and-gold. This "Pompeian Beauty" is more popular this year than last. As far as we know such a condition is unheard of in calendar history. Size of picture 35 in. by 7 in. Trial jar and Art Calendar both sent for 10c (stamps or coin for postage and packing). Clip coupon now.

Cut along this line. Fill in and mail today.

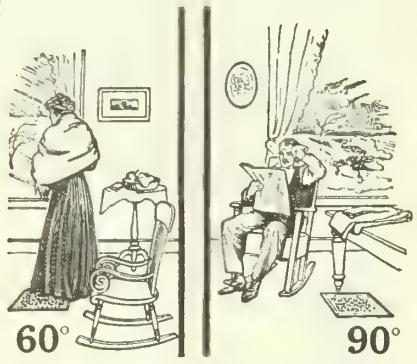
The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.
Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin for postage and packing), for which please send me a trial jar of Pompeian and a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendar.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Stops uneven heating



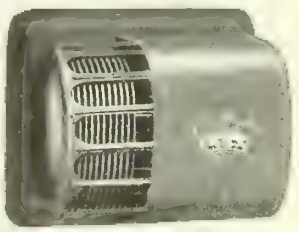
When the thermometer changes one degree, it causes the IDEAL SYLPHON REGITHERM to automatically act on the fire in your heater. The temperature of the rooms is thus kept constantly balanced at the degree at which you set the hand on the dial face of the Regitherm.

This takes the constant caretaking off your mind — prevents underheating and a cold house—avoids overheating and waste of fuel. There is no winding, clockwork or electricity to run down or give out.

IDEAL SYLPHON **Regitherm**

will keep the house at any temperature between 60 and 80 degrees, day or night, by turning the indicator hand to the exact degree wanted. Easily attached to any heating outfit. Will last as long as the house.

The cost of a Regitherm is quickly repaid in precise heating comfort, lessened caretaking, and the fuel economy it effects.



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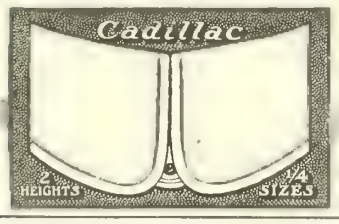

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good. All of which proves that Champ is a philosopher who, not getting what he wants, will take what he can get, and be glad of it. There seems to be no doubt that he will be elected Speaker, especially since this declaration; and, among other qualities, he will be the best-looking Speaker that the House has had in many years.

Thus, as this is written, it seems all clear sailing. Of course, Champ and his friends and the senior Democrats on the present committees may be finessing, and everybody hopes they are. A good, vigorous, knock-down and drag-out fight in the Democratic party would be interesting, and has been hoped for by the large contingent that hates peace. With the Republicans apparently—apparently—holding love feasts there is much to be desired in the way of action in these parts. At that, there are a few knives up Republican sleeves that may be used before March 4th.

But, jumping from carnage to society—which isn't so much of a jump if you could hear some of the society folk talk about other society folk—the gay and festive social season in Washington is now in full swing; and the newspaper society columns are filled with exciting items to the general effect that Mrs. Beegin gave a reception yesterday at her palatial residence, where Mesdames Boogin, Baagan and Brogan poured tea and a pleasant time was had. Moreover, it is variously stated that Mrs. and Miss Magusalem will not receive today but will be at home on Thursdays during January, and that there will be a dinner dance somewhere, or a dancing dinner—or something like that.

Official society in Washington is the funniest society in the world. The department clerk's wife tries to entertain the bureau chief's wife and daughter, and the bureau chief is reaching out for the assistant secretary, while the assistant secretary endeavors to land the secretary, and the secretary is after the President; and they all have printed everything they can think of about their various functions. There are more climbers in Washington than anywhere else on earth. Peddling pasteboards is a tremendous local industry.

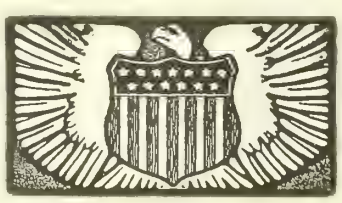
Scientific Social Peddling

The rules are strict too. The senator's wife peddles her pasteboards in a certain order and the representatives' wives peddle back, or vice versa, as the case may be. The Near-Cabinet set peddles to the Cabinet set and the Diplomatic set does its peddling according to a prescribed formula. The Army and Navy sets peddle their cards lavishly; and so it goes all up and down the line.

Of course many people call on many other people, via the peddling-pasteboard route, whom they never see and never want to see—a situation, by the way, that it takes a long time for the newcomer in Washington to understand.

And the way they try to break into print! Some of them are expert at it and some not so good. There is the wife of a certain official in Washington who has not missed being in the social columns of all the Washington newspapers for forty-six days handrunning, by actual count. Half of that time, too, she has been in the smattering of social news sent to the New York and Philadelphia newspapers, and there is hardly a Sunday when she does not figure in a feature story.

A wonder is this lady, a perpetual and perennial wonder! If she really set her mind to any serious proposition, such as votes for women or the like, she would conquer the world. It seems too bad that her talents are wasted in puny efforts to have reported her teas and dances, and where she has been and where not. 'And others are ingenious. For example, there recently appeared a paragraph that read like this: "Mrs. So-and-So has returned from a visit in New York. During her visit in New York she entertained Count Mike McGinnis—or something like—at tea." Can you beat it? You positively cannot.



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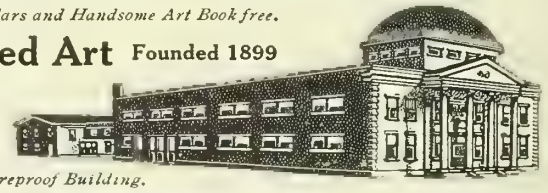

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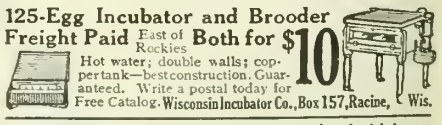

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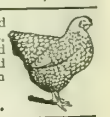

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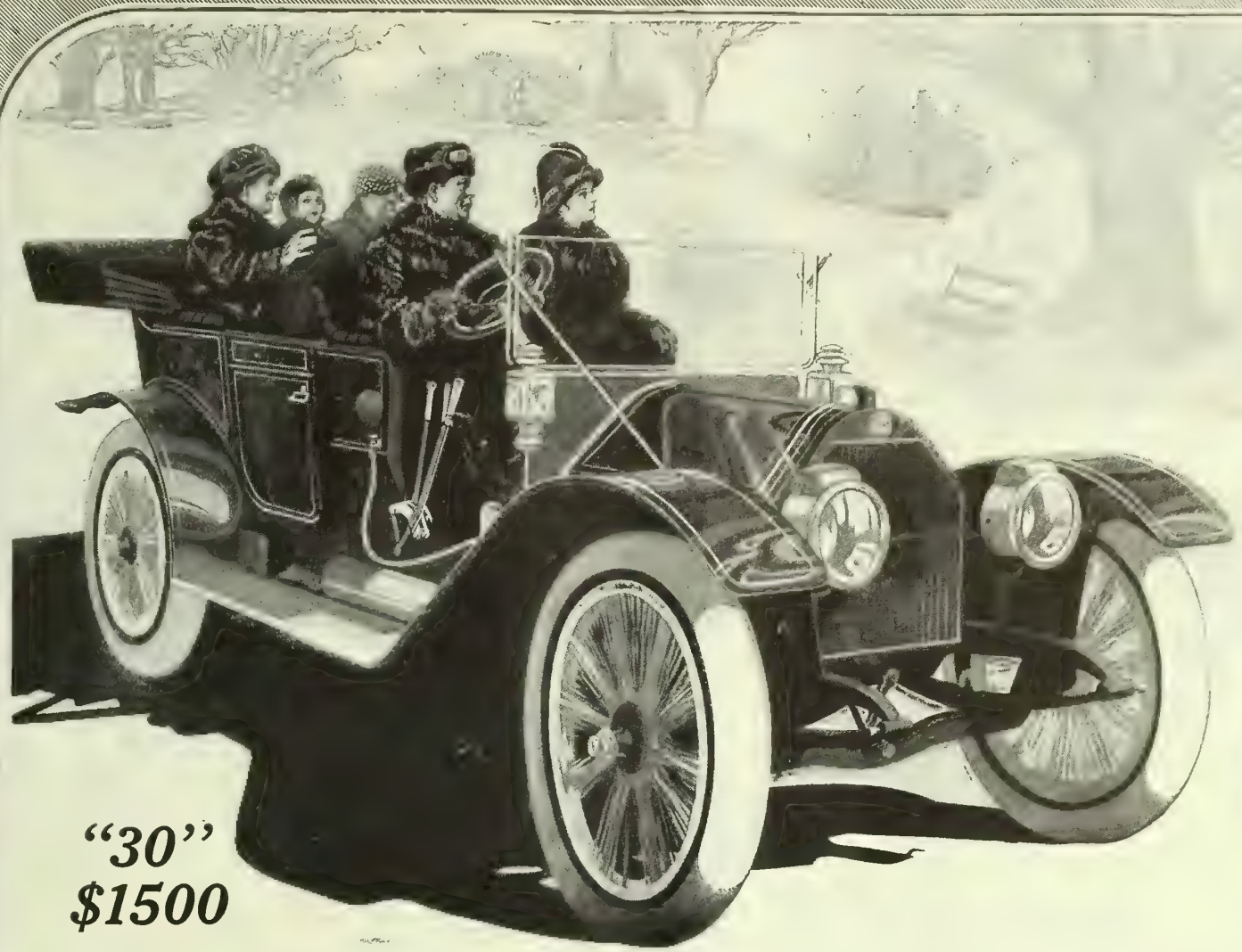

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Our Guide for Buyers

The season of Automobile Shows is here. An excellent chance for careful comparisons, as the cars stand almost side by side. The multitude of cars and the claims of salesmen are confusing—especially to first-time buyers. So here follow a few points which may be used as standards when selecting and buying.

First, learn if a car has proved itself a good *machine*, considered purely as a machine. Service in the hands of owners and performance in contests are the only absolute proofs. This test will eliminate some.

There are many good cars nowadays, mechanically considered. After you have settled on several that are, in your opinion, of about equal merit as *machines*, compare them from other viewpoints.

Beauty first. There is beauty of line and beauty of finish, and beauty in a motor car is deeper than paint. It goes down to the materials and the construction. It means something in addition to eye-delight.

Then look carefully to the matter of comfort—comfort for the passengers and comfort for the driver. Comfort and mere bigness don't necessarily go together.

During demonstrations note how the cars treat you when going over rough spots; note how you feel after riding for an hour in different cars; note whether the seats have springs in them, whether they are tilted; whether the cushion fits your back and shoulders or not.

Observe the springs on different cars, how they act when called into play. Observe how bodies are suspended, whether they hang between the axles or whether the tonneau seat is high over the rear axle.

Note whether the cars are resilient—or harsh.

Sit behind the steering wheels of other cars. Note whether your position there is comfortable—whether the gear shift lever and the emergency brake lever are near at hand or whether you must stoop over to reach them. Note the position of the pedals, of the throttle and the accelerator. And do the same with the Chalmers car.

Look carefully to the four main factors of safety: frame, wheels, steering connections, brakes. You cannot examine these with too much care. Examine the refinements—the wood in dash and door strips and body; the levers, the pedals, the door handles and locks, the floor coverings, foot rests and all the other "little things." See what they are like on other cars. Then on the Chalmers.

Scrutinize the workmanship on the chassis of the Chalmers. Look at the motor, see what a neat, clean job it is. Then note the simplicity in the design of the car from end to end.

Comparison with all other cars has sold more Chalmers than all our advertising.

A feature of our complete exhibits at all leading Automobile Shows this winter will be cut out chassis of the Chalmers "30" with every moving part exposed and in operation. We are proud of every part, so show them all.

There is always a Chalmers dealer near you. He is a busy man, but will always find time to answer with courtesy and integrity all your questions, and to demonstrate thoroughly for you Chalmers cars—"30" $1500; "Forty" $2750. Catalog "E" on request.

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The man who says this is thinking in terms of six years ago.

Six years ago such a statement would not have been so far amiss. But the world has moved in six years and the making of automobiles has shown more progress than nearly anything else.

You can buy a real automobile now for as low a price as $1500. It is so simple to operate that you can, and should, drive it yourself. It is so trouble-proof that you won't need to keep it in a garage and have high-priced mechanics tinkering with it all the time.

Six years ago there was scarcely a *real* automobile to be had at any price. But now—just look around you. See the thousands of men like yourself who use them constantly. Talk to your neighbor who has one. He will give you the straight tip, if you can ever get him to stop enjoying himself in the fresh air long enough to do it.

There are many good cars nowadays, and any good car made by one of the well-established companies is a good investment.

Of course, we would like the privilege of showing you the Chalmers before you buy. We know that we have excellent cars, yet if we can't convince you that we offer better value, dollar for dollar, than anyone else, why that is our fault, not yours.

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And the lusciousness of *Yours truly* Soups is no accident—every can is alike.

To get this palate delight, you must insist on *Yours truly.*

The Innocence of Father Brown

(Continued from Page 11)

heroic Major Murray who fell fighting gloriously at the battle of the Black River."

Flambeau seemed suddenly galvanized into existence. "You mean," he cried hoarsely, "that General St. Clare hated Murray and murdered him on the field of battle because ——"

"You are still full of good and pure thoughts," said the other. "It was worse than that."

"Well," said the large man, "my stock of evil imagination is used up."

The priest seemed really doubtful where to begin, and at last he said again:

"Where would a wise man hide a leaf? In the forest."

The other did not answer.

"If there were no forest he would make a forest. And if he wished to hide a dead leaf he would make a dead forest."

There was still no reply and the priest added, still more mildly and quietly:

"And if a man had to hide a dead body he would make a field of dead bodies to hide it in."

Flambeau began to stamp forward with an intolerance of delay in time or space, but Father Brown went on, as if he were continuing the last sentence:

"Sir Arthur St. Clare, as I have already said, was a man who read his Bible. That was what was the matter with him. When will people understand that it is useless for a man to read his Bible unless he also reads everybody else's Bible? A printer reads a Bible for misprints. A Mormon reads his Bible and finds polygamy; a Christian Scientist reads his and finds that which he seeks. St. Clare was an old Anglo-Indian Protestant soldier. Now just think what that might mean, and for Heaven's sake, don't cant about it. It might mean a man, physically formidable, living under a tropic sun in an Oriental society, and soaking himself, without sense or guidance, in an Oriental book. Of course he read the Old Testament rather than the New. Of course he found in the Old Testament anything that he wanted—tyranny, treason. Oh, I dare say he was honest, as you call it. But what is the good of a man being honest in his worship of dishonesty?

"In each of the hot and secret countries to which that man went he kept a harem, he tortured witnesses, he amassed shameful gold, but certainly he would have said, with steady eyes, that he did it to the glory of the Lord. My own theology is sufficiently expressed by asking which Lord? Anyhow there is this about such evil, that it opens door after door in hell and always into smaller and smaller chambers. This is the real case against crime—that a man does not become wilder and wilder, but only meaner and meaner. St. Clare was soon suffocated by difficulties, of bribery and blackmail—and needed more and more cash. And by the time of the battle of the Black River he had fallen from world to world to that place which Dante makes the lowest floor of the universe."

"What do you mean?" asked his friend again.

"I mean *that*," retorted the cleric, and suddenly pointed at a puddle sealed with ice that shone in the moon. "Do you remember whom Dante put in the last circle of ice?"

"The traitors," said Flambeau, and shuddered. As he looked around at the inhuman landscape of trees with taunting and almost obscure outlines, he could almost fancy he was Dante, and the priest with the rivulet of a voice was, indeed, a Vergil, leading him through a land of eternal sins.

The voice went on: "Olivier, as you know, was quixotic, and would not permit a secret service and spies. The thing, however, was done, like many other things, behind his back. It was managed by my old friend, Espado. He was a bright-clad fop, whose hook nose got him called the Vulture. Posing as a sort of philanthropist at the front, he felt his way through the English army and, at last, got his fingers on its one corrupt man, and that man at the top. St. Clare was in foul need of money and mountains of it. The discredited family doctor was threatening those extraordinary exposures that afterward began and were broken off: tales of monstrous and prehistoric things in Park Lane; things done by an English Evangelical that smelt like human sacrifice and hordes of slaves. Money was wanted, too, for his daughter's dowry, for to him the fame of wealth was as sweet as wealth itself. He snapped the last thread, whispered the word to Brazil, and wealth poured in from the enemies of England. But another man, as well as he, had talked to Espado, the Vulture. Somehow the dark, grim young major from Ulster had guessed the hideous truth, and when they walked slowly together down that road toward the bridge Murray was telling the general that he must resign instantly or be court-martialed and shot. The general temporized with him till they came to the fringe of tropic trees by the bridge, and there, by the singing river and the sunlit palms—for I can see the picture—the general drew his saber and plunged it through the body of the major."

The wintry road curved over a ridge in cutting frost, with cruel black shapes of bush and thicket, but Flambeau fancied that he saw beyond it faintly the edge of an aureole that was not starlight and moonlight, but some fire such as is made by men. He watched it as the tale drew to its close.

"St. Clare was a hell-hound, but he was a hound of breed. Never, I'll swear, was he so lucid and so strong as when poor Murray lay a cold lump at his feet. Never in all his triumphs, as Captain Keith said truly, was the great man so great as he was in this last world-despised defeat. He looked coolly at his weapon to wipe off the blood. He saw the point he had planted between his victim's shoulders had broken off in the body. He saw quite calmly, as through a club window-pane, all that must follow. He saw that men must find the unaccountable corpse, must extract the unaccountable sword-point, must notice the unaccountable broken sword—or absence of sword. He had killed—but not silenced. But his imperious intellect rose against the facer; there was one way yet. He could make the corpse less unaccountable. He could create a hill of corpses to cover this one. In twenty minutes eight hundred English soldiers were marching down to their death."

The warmer glow behind the black winter wood grew richer and brighter, and Flambeau strode on to reach it. Father Brown also quickened his stride, but he seemed merely absorbed in his tale.

"Such was the valor of that English thousand, and such the genius of their commander, that, if they had at once attacked the hill, even their mad march might have met some luck. But the evil mind that played with them like pawns had other aims and reasons. They must remain in the marshes by the bridge at least till British corpses should be a common sight there. Then for the last grand scene, when the silver-haired soldier-saint would give up his shattered sword to save further slaughter! Oh, it was well organized for an impromptu. But I think—I cannot prove—I think that it was while they stuck there in the bloody mire that some one doubted—and some one guessed."

He was mute a moment and then said: "There is a voice from nowhere that tells me the man who guessed was the lover—the man to wed the old man's child."

"But what about Olivier and the hanging?" asked Flambeau.

"Olivier, partly from chivalry, partly from policy, seldom encumbered his march with captives," explained the narrator. "He released everybody in most cases. He released everybody in this case."

"Everybody but the general," said the tall man.

"Everybody," said the priest.

Flambeau knitted his black brows. "I don't grasp it all yet," he said.

"There is another picture, Flambeau," said Father Brown in his more mystical undertone. "I can't prove it, but I can do more—I can see it. There is a camp-breaking up on the bare, torrid hills at morning, and Brazilian uniforms massed in blocks and columns to march. There is the red shirt and long black beard of Olivier, which droops as he bows, his broad-brimmed hat in his hand. He is saying farewell to the great enemy, he is setting free the simple, snow-headed English veteran who thanks him in the name of his men. The English remnant stand behind at attention. Beside them are stores and vehicles for their retreat. The drums roll, the Brazilians are moving, the English are still like statues. So they

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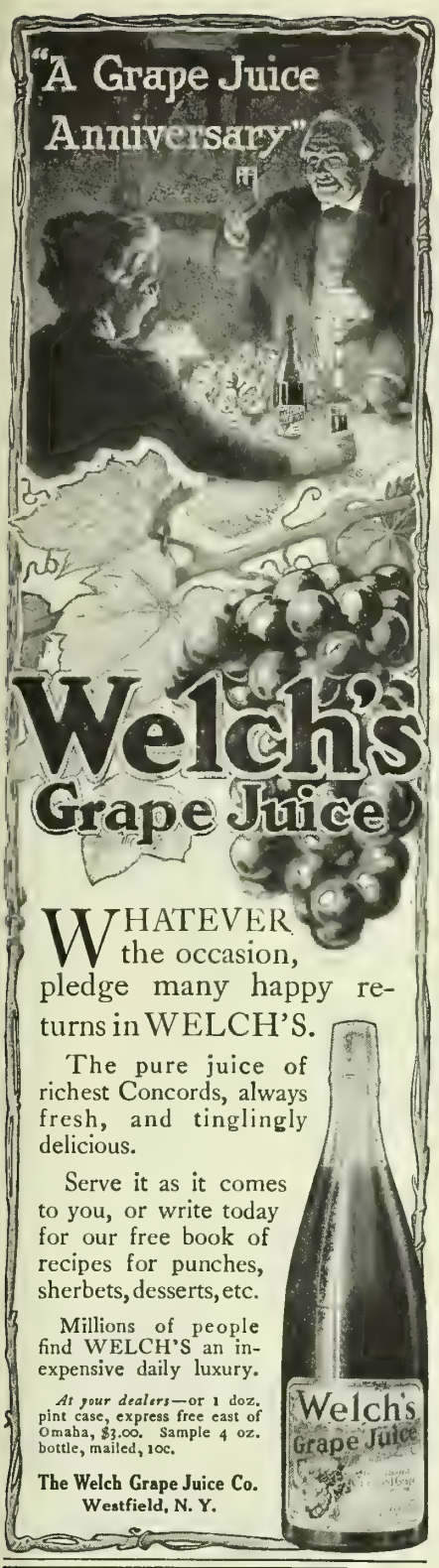

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abide till the last hum and flash of the enemy have faded from the tropic horizon. Then they alter their postures all at once like dead men coming to life. They turn their fifty faces upon the general—faces not to be forgotten."

Flambeau gave a great jump. "Ah!" he cried. "You don't mean ——"

"Yes," said Father Brown in a deep, moving voice. "It was an English hand that put the rope around St. Clare's neck—the hand, I believe, that put the ring on his daughter's finger. They were English hands that dragged him up to the tree of shame—the hands of men who had adored him and followed him to victory. And they were English souls—God pardon and endure us all—who stared at him swinging in that foreign sun on the green gallows of palm, and prayed in their hatred that he might drop off it into hell."

As the two topped the ridge there burst on them the strong, scarlet light of a red-curtained English inn. It stood sideways in the road, as if standing aside in the amplitude of hospitality. Its three doors stood open with invitation, and even where they stood the two men could hear the hum and laughter of humanity happy for a night.

"I need not tell you more," said Father Brown. "They tried him in the wilderness and destroyed him, and then, for the honor of England and of his daughter, they took an oath to seal up forever the story of the traitor's purse and the assassin's sword-blade. Perhaps, Heaven help them, they tried to forget it! Let us try to forget it anyhow. Here is our inn."

"With all my heart," said Flambeau, and was just striding into the bright, noisy bar when he stepped back and almost fell on the road.

"Look there, in the devil's name!" he cried, and pointed rigidly at the square wooden sign that overhung the road. It showed dimly the crude shape of a saber hilt and a shortened blade, and was inscribed in false archaic lettering:

THE SIGN OF THE BROKEN SWORD

"Were you not prepared, Flambeau?" asked Father Brown gently. "He is the god of this country. Half the inns and parks and streets are named after him and his story."

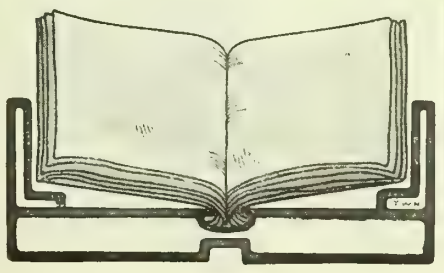
"I thought we had done with the leper," cried Flambeau, and spat on the road.

"You will never have done with him in England," said the priest, looking down, "while brass is strong and stone abides. His marble statues will erect the souls of proud, innocent boys for centuries. His village tomb will smell of loyalty as of lilies. Millions who never knew him shall love him like a father—this man whom the last few that knew him dealt with like dung. He shall be a saint, and the truth shall never be told of him, because I have made up my mind at last. There is so much good and evil in breaking secrets that I put my conduct to a test. The anti-Brazil boom is already over. Olivier is already honored everywhere. But I told myself that if anywhere, by name, in metal or marble that will endure like the pyramids, Colonel Clancy or Captain Keith or President Olivier or any innocent man was wrongly blamed, then I would speak. If it were only that St. Clare was wrongly praised I would be silent. And I will."

They plunged into the red-curtained tavern, which was not only cozy but even luxurious inside. On a table stood a silver model of the tomb of St. Clare, the silver head bowed, the silver sword broken. On the walls were colored photographs of the same scene, and of the system of wagonets that took tourists to see it. They sat down on easy, padded benches. "Come, it's cold," cried Father Brown; "let's have some wine or beer."

"Or brandy," said Flambeau.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of Mr. Chesterton's series of stories. The first of a new series will appear in an early number.



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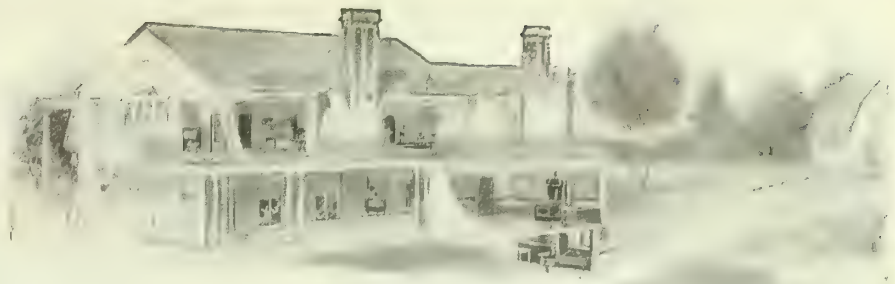

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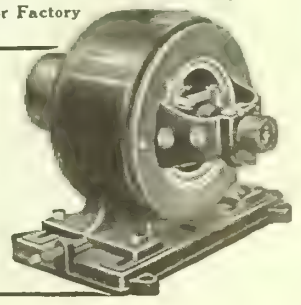

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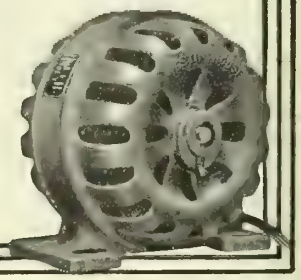

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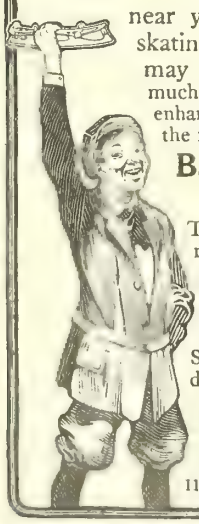

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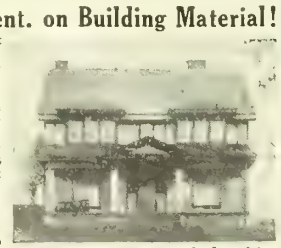

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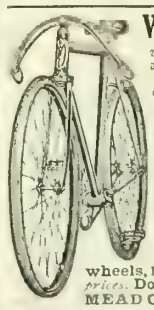

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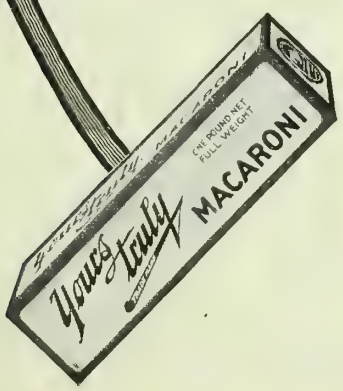

THE HIGH HAND

(Continued from Page 13)

"Not yet; but Jim Warren's got them all. He practically admitted as much over the 'phone to me."

"And now what do you purpose doing?"

"I don't know; that's why I am here. What can I do?"

"There are several things you can do," said Mr. Pointer.

He turned to the window and stood staring down upon the placid bosom of the Hudson for a minute or more. A giant steamship swashed and wallowed her way toward the open sea; mosquito-like tugs darted hither and thither; cumbersome ferryboats toiled along endlessly.

"There seem to be some very good reasons why Jim Warren will not proceed to extremes in the use of those letters—unless he has to," he remarked finally. "You say he has demanded your withdrawal and the indorsement of your machine as the price of the photographs?"

"Yes."

Again Mr. Pointer was silent for a minute or more.

"Why don't you withdraw?" he asked casually.

"Withdraw!" Lewis repeated incredulously. "Give up all ——"

"Withdraw," Mr. Pointer echoed crabbedly, "and name some other man who would have a chance to beat Jim Warren. It would be a voluntary act and would shut off the letters. If Jim Warren beats your man it is no reflection upon you; if your man wins you can throw him out after one term. By that time Jim Warren will be tame enough, I dare say."

"I won't do it," Lewis declared hotly. Reason was not there; it was only anger against Jim Warren. "I won't do it," he repeated.

Mr. Pointer squinted out of half-closed eyes at his visitor for an instant, then shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, if you're going to stick, go at him systematically," he advised in a different tone. "Block him in the caucuses. You can do that?"

"Yes; not only in my machine but in Simmonds'," said Lewis. "But he's announced that he would ask no favor of any caucus."

"He might. You can do the same thing in the primaries? Choke him off?"

"Yes."

"Can you keep his name off the ballots?"

"I can. Two of the commissioners of elections belong to me."

"Then go to Simmonds and make a deal. Give Simmonds the mayor in return for his machine's support of you for the legislature."

"I'd thought of that and felt out Simmonds on it. He's willing."

Then for a long time there was silence between the two men. Mr. Pointer, his small, shriveled face drawn into a thousand wrinkles, merely looked at this man. He knew the type—the sordid soul of him, the selfishness, the greed and the cunning boldness that would lead him to any length.

"All these suggestions, of course, are based on the idea that you'll have to fight it out," he said finally. "But there comes to me another scheme which might end the fight in your favor immediately."

"What is it?" Lewis' drawn face lighted eagerly.

"It's true, isn't it, that, to win, Jim Warren must have the support of your machine?" Mr. Pointer asked in turn. "And he knows that, doesn't he?"

"Generally speaking, that's true; yes. Why?"

"Every man has his price, you know." The shriveled little man's thin lips were drawn into a sneer. "Find Jim Warren's price. Offer him a commissionership, or something of the sort, if he will quit in your favor."

Lewis sat up straight in his chair.

"By George, I hadn't thought of that!" he exclaimed.

"You don't have to give it to him, you know," the elder man pointed out. "You can always double-cross him."

Lewis arose excitedly and paced the length of the room half a dozen times, his face aglow, his fingers working exultantly.

"I think he'd fall for that," he declared. "Of course I don't have to give it to him. Why ——" And he laughed. "I think that's the answer."

There was nothing of this relief visible upon the wrinkled face of the little man; instead he sat perfectly still, watching Lewis.

"It will be a condition of that agreement, of course," he said, "that the photographs and plates are to be returned to you; and when you get them they are to be returned to me!" He laughed oddly. "Meanwhile you will return to me all the original letters I have ever written to you. I'll just trim your claws."

Lewis shot him a quick, curious glance. He understood perfectly.

"One other thing, Lewis," the little man went on implacably. "If this Jim Warren person does beat you, in spite of all this, of how much use will you be to us afterward?"

"As much use as ever I was," Lewis replied positively. "Of more use, perhaps."

"You'll be discredited to a certain extent, of course; and ——"

"But," Lewis put in sharply, "Dwight Tillinghast is my man. I put him in there; I made him speaker and I'm going to make him governor. Neither Jim Warren nor any other man can stop me from doing that?"

"You are sure of him?"

"Sure of him?" Lewis repeated. "Absolutely. I am going to marry his daughter Edna. Every man has his price, as you say. That's my price. She's worth a million or so in her own right!"

. . . . . .

On the afternoon of the following day Franques called upon Jim Warren and they were closeted together for half an hour. Curiously enough, half a dozen newspaper men, brought there by some inspiration, were waiting outside when Jim Warren ushered Franques through the door.

"Tell Francis Everard Lewis," said Jim Warren distinctly, heedless of listening ears, "that he can't buy me. I've got his number—and it's twenty-three."

IX

THERE was no particular mystery to Lewis in Jim Warren's refusal of a five-thousand-dollar-a-year commissionership—simply, it wasn't enough. He hadn't given Franques sufficient authority. The only thing to do, he finally saw, would be to call upon this Jim Warren person himself and adjust matters. Buying him off, of course, was the feasible thing. He would go and do it. No; on second thoughts he would make Jim Warren come to him. To this end he dispatched a courteous little note to Jim Warren asking him to drop by the Hotel Stanton at his early convenience to talk things over.

"If you want to see me you know where my office is," Jim Warren answered curtly. "If you come, come alone after six o'clock."

"If you come, come alone!" Lewis found a grain of comfort in that ambiguous sentence. Of course it meant that Jim Warren was amenable to reason if reason took a substantial form. The finality of the note he construed as merely an outcropping of the egotism that had come to Jim Warren with his first feeling of power. So he pocketed his pride and called—alone—after six o'clock. Jim Warren grinned when he came in, and shook the proffered hand without hesitation.

Lewis purred a few preliminaries while he studied the freckled face, the lean jaw, the whimsical sky-blue eyes. He felt himself to be a keen judge of men, did Lewis; and instantly he isolated and classified to his own satisfaction those qualities that drew men to Jim Warren and made them believe in him. Confidently he came down to the matter in hand.

"It's unfortunate, Mr. Warren," he began suavely, "that we never met before you—er—before you became a candidate for the legislature. I'm sure if we had met it would never have happened that we would have been opposed politically."

For several reasons Jim Warren didn't mention the fact that he had called upon him in the beginning and didn't find him; instead he fussed around his desk for a box of cigars. Casually, quite casually, his finger touched an electric button hidden under a pile of newspapers. Lewis accepted and lighted a cigar.

"You want me to quit?" Jim Warren inquired pointedly.

Lewis waved his hands deprecatingly.

"Well, it's unfortunate that we should be opposed," he temporized. "Matters

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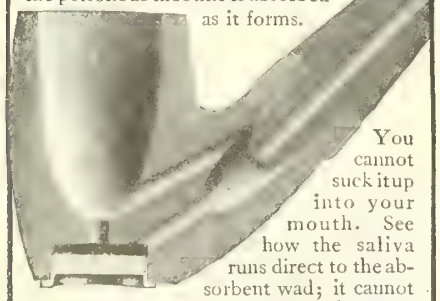

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might have been adjusted in another way if I had only understood. Now, if you had proceeded in the regular way ——"

"Now, Lewis, let's cut out the blab," Jim Warren interrupted curtly. "How much is it worth to me to quit?"

There is nothing so disconcerting to a diplomatist as utter frankness. For a minute Lewis stared at Jim Warren, then the whole expression of his face changed; his lips curled into an exquisitely courteous smile which nevertheless was a sneer. He glanced about the room.

"Speak your piece," Jim Warren directed. "There is no one to hear but me; not a soul in the building but you and me."

"I think it's possible for us to get together, Mr. Warren," Lewis said slowly after a moment. "You've met me frankly; we'll get along."

"How much is it worth to me to quit?" reiterated Jim Warren.

"How much is it worth?" Lewis reflected. "Well, you declined the offer of a commissionership at five thousand a year, made through Franques; so ——"

"Talk business!" said Jim Warren impatiently. "That was merely a sop and you would probably have double-crossed me. How much real money is it worth to me to quit?"

Lewis smiled blandly. The difficulties he had anticipated were thinning out, vanishing.

"On a cash basis?" he queried.

"On a cash basis. Make your proposition."

"Ten thousand dollars?"—tentatively.

"Not enough. Come again."

Lewis was still smiling. Jim Warren's withdrawal at any price within reason would be cheap, both to himself and the interests he represented. This year was to bring the harvest of many schemes that had been under way for months. With Dwight Tillinghast as speaker, and with himself on three or four choice committees, there was no end to possibilities.

"Twenty thousand?" he suggested briskly; and he rubbed his well-manicured hands together ingratiatingly. "That is to be paid on condition that you get out and stay out; and that you return to me all plates and all photographs of the various papers in my safe. Twenty thousand dollars is real money, as you call it."

Jim Warren's sky-blue eyes were fixed intently upon Lewis'. After a while Jim Warren drew a long breath and grinned cheerfully.

"Those photographs seem to stick in your craw," he remarked pleasantly. "I believe we had a short conversation about them one night over the telephone, didn't we?"

Lewis chose to ignore the question.

"Does twenty thousand go?" he asked.

"Oh, why not make it twenty-five?"

"Twenty-five it is then," Lewis exclaimed; and he banged the desk with quick impatience. The price was stiff, but it meant his political life and he was in no position to haggle. "That offer, of course, carries the conditions I have named."

"And when—when do I get it?"

"The day you announce in the newspapers over your signature that you have withdrawn—the details can be arranged to suit you," Lewis explained; "and you'll return the plates and photographs."

"How do I know I'll get it?" Jim Warren stared at him. "Even then?" he added.

"Ask any man I've ever dealt with. He'll tell you I never break my word."

"Who, for instance?" Jim Warren went on naïvely. "What reference can you give? What public man have you done business with?"

"All this is absurd," Francis Everard Lewis declared. "Does the twenty-five thousand go?"

Jim Warren arose and lazily stretched his sinewy arms. Half gaping he stood at the window looking out upon the iron yard. 'Twas there that his fight had begun; 'twas there that he'd given his pledge to the boys. Finally he turned back upon his caller.

"Lewis, I haven't started on you yet," he said quietly. "When I do I won't leave a whole bone in your body." He thrust a calloused finger into the boss' face. "I'm going to make you quit—believe me; I'm going to make it so hot for you you'll be glad to quit!" His voice had risen as he talked, his freckled face glowed with anger, the sky-blue eyes

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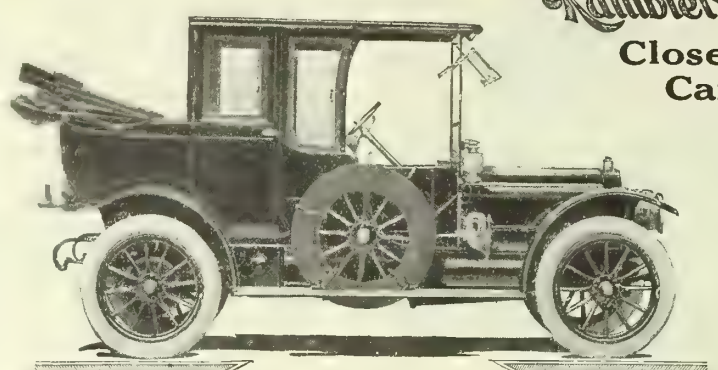

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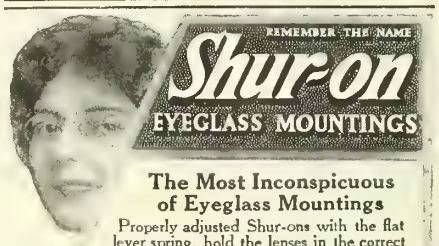

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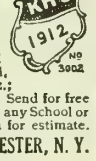

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flamed. "Now, get out of here; quick—quick! I can't keep my hands off you!"

Lewis, vastly astonished, but still composed, arose.

"So you were playing a game, eh?" he sneered. "It's just as well; so was I." Suddenly his self-possession deserted him, the polish sloughed off and he raged at the trick that had been played upon him; but his voice was cold, level, merciless: "My grip in this state extends farther back, Warren, than you can believe. I'm going to have you arrested for safe-robbery and you'll never have a chance. For I'll railroad you!"

Staring straight into Lewis' face, Jim Warren laughed.

"By withdrawing now, Lewis, you can save your face!"

"Withdrawing?" The word came explosively. "I'll—I'll ——"

"You have just placed in my hands the weapon with which I'll compel you to withdraw," Jim Warren continued. "There's no hurry about it, though. The election is a long time off, so I am going to give you a whole week to think about withdrawing and get used to the idea. I have the weapon. If, at the end of a week, you don't withdraw I'll use it!"

Lewis glanced about the room, dazed with a sudden fear. What weapon? Had their conversation been overheard?

"You mean some one has been listening to us?" he demanded thickly.

"There's not a soul in the building, Lewis!" Again Jim Warren laughed.

"I'll railroad you!" Lewis shouted, blinded by uncontrollable anger against this man. "I'll railroad you for safe-robbery!"

"Go ahead," Jim Warren urged. "Have me arrested. I'll wait here until the police come. Or"—he added insolently—"Or shall I go along with you now to the police station?"

x

FATE arranges the affairs of this world according to her own caprice. So strangely does she work that one may have to travel around the world to shake hands with the man who lives next door. It was Fate—the kindliest one in the calendar—who took charge of Jim Warren on the following Sunday. He had stopped in at the factory for a little while and then, lured into the open by the zippy, nippy air of fall, had boarded a trolley car and ridden to the end of the line, some dozen or fifteen miles from Warburton. Crimson forests and golden hedges had beckoned him on even then; he strode straight through the little village, up the hill on the other side and looked down into the rainbow valley beyond. The ribbonlike road curved seductively a thousand feet farther on. He would go that far anyway, just to see what might lie around the bend.

He paused to cut a slender switch and, snapping it against his leg rhythmically, went on, inhaling deep breaths of the scented air. He was very well satisfied with himself, was Jim Warren, on this particular morning. Things were going well with him and, above all, the big idea was coming through! Any doubt that might ever have existed in his mind as to this was gone now. At the proper time and in the proper way he would make Lewis quit if he didn't quit before of his own volition; and then —— He fell to building air-castles. He would be governor, of course—that was the natural sequence of his play—and after that anything he liked. Governor Warren! United States Senator Warren! He grinned.

Just before he rounded the bend he caught the steady "tap-tap-tap" of—what? A woodpecker? No; it was more metallic than that. He strode on; then he saw. Directly ahead of him, in the dip of the valley, an automobile was standing beside the road—a long, low, rakish-looking craft, creamy white, with tan trimmings. The daintiness of its color scheme contrasted strangely with the lusty look of the brute, with its high wheels and its massive rear axle. "Tap-tap-tap," came from underneath.

As he drew nearer silently through the dust, Jim Warren paused uncertainly for an instant. On one side of the car, from underneath, protruded a pair of feet—silly little feet they were, incased in absurdly sturdy boots, laced high about the ankles. By George, a woman! She had spread her blankets on the ground and, lying flat on her back, was at work underneath the car. Apparently she paid not the slightest attention to him as he

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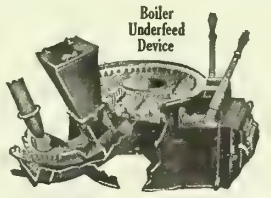

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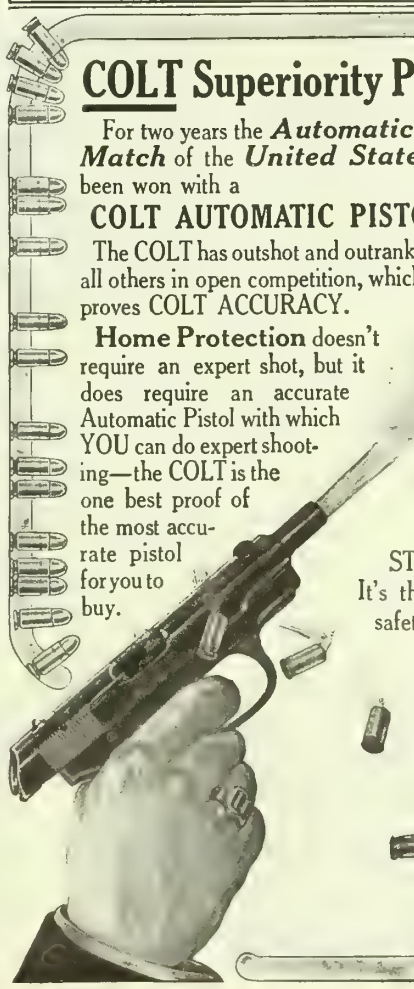

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approached; as a matter of fact, she didn't hear him. "Tap-tap-tap," said the hammer.

"Hello, under there!" Jim Warren called. "Can I help?"

The feet vanished in a swirl of skirts, some one exclaimed "Goodness!" in a startled tone and a girl scrambled out from beneath the car. Her hair was disheveled and strands of it were stringing down over her face, scarlet from exertion. Across an alabaster brow was a streak of grease; her gloved hands were smeared with it. So was the hammer she held in one of them.

For an instant the girl stared up into his face with questioning eyes. Then she smiled.

"Good morning. Is it you?"

"Good morning. It is."

She glanced around inquiringly.

"Where did you come from? How did you get here?"

"Nowhere; walked," replied Jim Warren. "Can I help?"

The girl pushed the hair back from her face with a greasy glove.

"We always seem to meet at critical moments, don't we?" she queried. "The last time you rescued my glove from a dog; this time ——" She laughed. "Do you know anything about automobiles?"

"Not a thing in the world, but I can help," said Jim Warren. "Are you 'way out here all alone, with that big—big thing?" The tremendous size of the car rose up and smote him in the eye. A girl alone in the wilderness with a locomotive like that!

"All alone," she said. "It's a new car and I was trying it out."

He dropped on the ground beside her and peered underneath the car. A perfect mess of joints and bolts and levers and rods and nuts—a million of them, more or less. It made his head swim.

"And what, may I ask, is the matter?"

"I snapped off the pin in my first universal joint," she explained, "and the flanges are bent so I can't drive it out."

He looked at her blankly.

"You don't say!" he commented. "Where is it? Perhaps I can drive it out." He started to crawl underneath.

"But you don't know anything about automobiles!" she expostulated.

"But I do know something about machinery," he informed her; "and a universal joint is a universal joint in any language." Again he started to crawl underneath.

"Take off your coat and roll up your sleeves, then," she commanded. "You can't wear clothes under an automobile—that is, if you ever want to wear them again."

He obeyed orders, baring two sinewy forearms that she had only to look at to know that her troubles were over. They put their heads together under the car and she explained the trouble in detail. He knew precisely what was the matter, but he liked to hear her talk.

"And now," he said at the end, "a monkey-wrench."

She handed him one, some five or six inches long. He glanced at it, mentally compared it with the great piece of solid steel to be twisted back into shape and grinned.

"My dear madam, you couldn't set a watch with that," he said. "I mean a *monkey*-wrench!"

"I have another, so large I can hardly lift it," she explained. "I call it 'Grandpa' for short."

She fumbled in the toolbox and produced it—a two-foot wrench that would fit into a man's hands, with jaws on it like the maw of Doom. He fitted it to the twisted flange.

"Are you sure the car won't move?" he asked.

"No. The brake's on."

"Get back a little, please. If this should slip it would kill you."

There are ways and ways of bending steel: one the quick, violent way, which will snap it off like glass; another, a slower, steadier way, by which it can be eased back into position. Jim Warren knew his metal. Slowly but surely the sinews in his lean arms flexed, grew taut and the massive body of the car creaked on its springs. It was muscle against steel. The girl, fascinated by the tremendous power of the shoulders and arms, the inflexibility of inexorable steel, suddenly felt very weak and puny. She had tried to turn that with a small wrench! Might as well have used a hatpin.

"It's moving," said Jim Warren, without so much as a puff; then after a moment: "There; I think we can drive out the broken pin now. Have you an extra one?"

The broken pin fell out as he spoke; it was five minutes' work to put in a new one; then they both crawled out from under the car and sat on the ground looking at each other.

"I don't know how I'll ever be able to thank you," said the girl. "I can't imagine what I would have done if you hadn't come along. I've already been here more than an hour."

Jim Warren cleaned his hands on a piece of waste.

"Do you know," he remarked irrelevantly, "I have the strangest impression of having met you somewhere before?"

"That day in the bank, of course," the girl replied.

"Before that," he corrected. "I wonder where it could have been!"

"I wonder!" She was bending over the toolbox, replacing "Grandpa." There was a queer, introspective light in her limpid eyes. "I had that impression the first time I saw you," she went on. "It must have been because I had seen your picture in the newspapers. I know who you are, of course," she added hastily.

"You do?" Jim Warren asked almost eagerly. "I am at a disadvantage, then. I don't know who ——"

"You are Mr. Jim Warren, of Warburton, and you are running against Mr. Lewis for the legislature!" There was mockery in her eyes.

"I am; and further, I shall have the satisfaction of beating him—believe me," said Jim Warren.

The girl laughed lightly and shook her head.

"It's been tried before."

"I know; but I've got his number."

The girl leaned forward and pressed a button. The engine crackled and roared, then settled down to a quiet purring.

"If you do beat him," she taunted, "it may be that you and I shall meet again. I live in Sandringham, the capital, you know. If you don't beat him we probably shall not meet again." She offered a slim, bare hand; Jim Warren took it. "If you do beat him I sha'n't like you in spite of all you've done for me; if you don't I will. Goodby. I'm more than an hour late and Sandringham is twenty-five miles away."

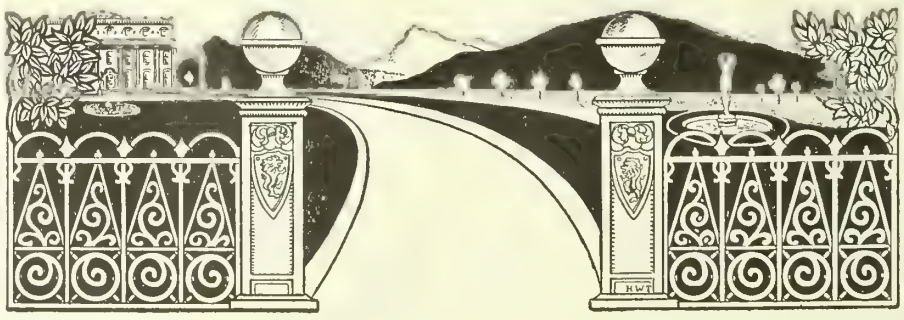
She leaped lightly into the car, pushed one lever, pulled another—and the car moved.

"*Au revoir!*" she said.

Jim Warren stood looking after her until the car swung over a hill in the distance and vanished below it. Turning, he strode back up the hill toward the trolley line.

"I wonder who she is!" He asked the question a dozen times. An hour later it occurred to him that, had he taken the trouble to notice the number of the car and inquired at the first police station, that question, in all probability, would have been answered.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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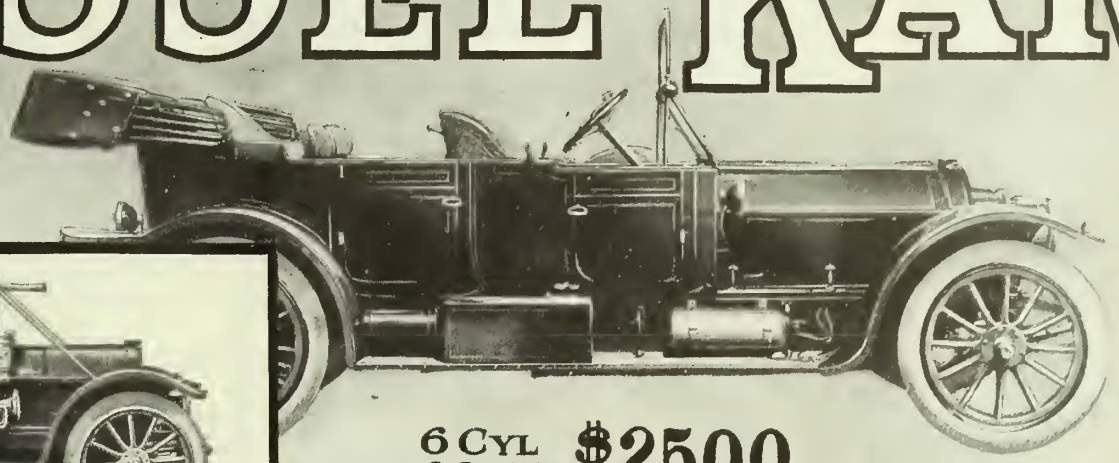

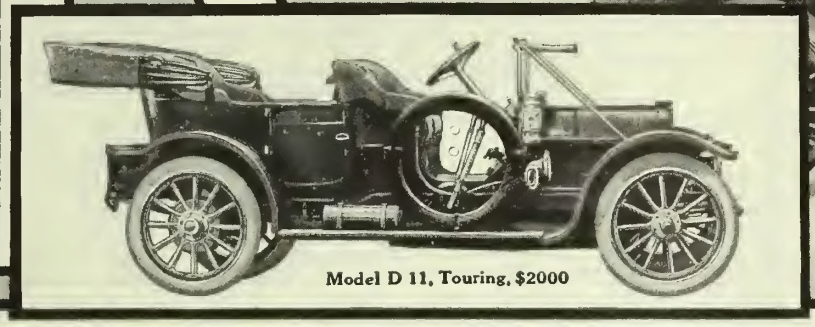

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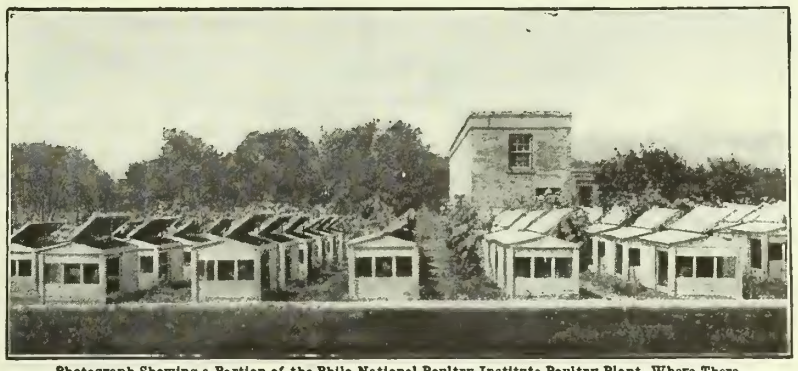

Photograph Showing a Portion of the Philo National Poultry Institute Poultry Plant, Where There Are Now Over 5,000 Pedigree White Orpingtons on Less Than a Half Acre of Land

$1,500.00 from 60 hens in ten months on a city lot forty ft. square

To the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a $1,500 poultry business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden, 40 feet wide by 40 feet long, we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it can be accomplished by THE PHILO SYSTEM.

The Philo System is Unlike All Other Ways of Keeping Poultry

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

The New System Covers All Branches of the Work Necessary for Success

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

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in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

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One of the secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

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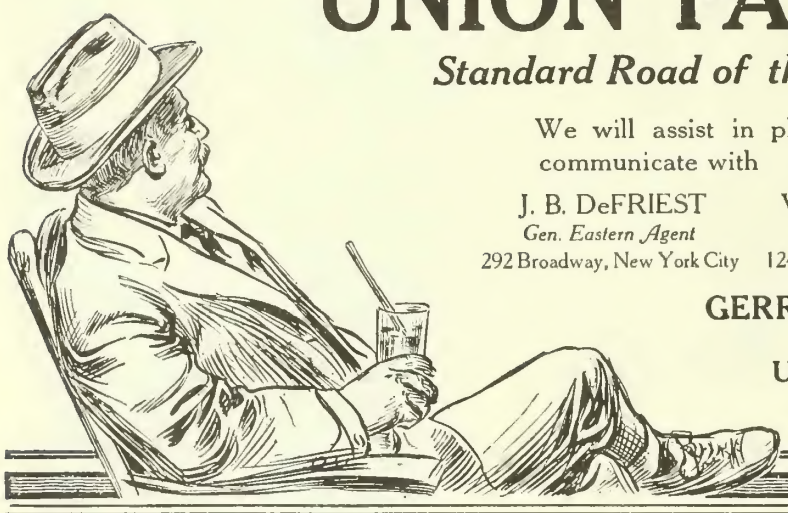

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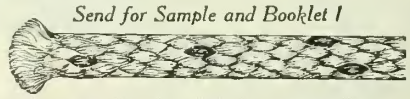

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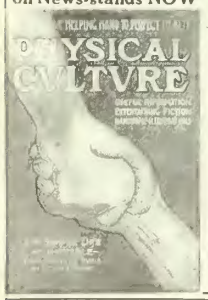

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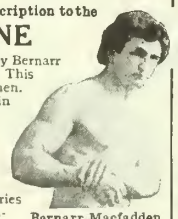

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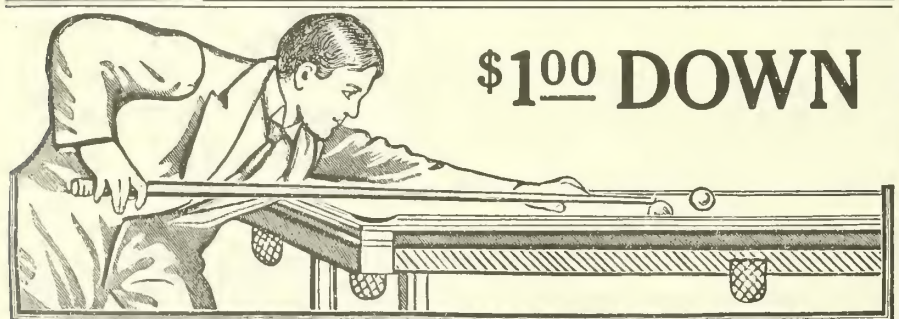

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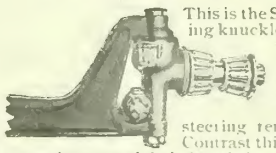

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